GREAT £2.2.0 SECURITY GIFT FOR EVERY READER—SEE PAGES 4 & 5

TWOPENCE
Vol. LVIII.
1541.

JOHN BULL

"I *was a* HATED *mother-in-law*"

A widowed mother breaks up her son's home, but redeems herself by awaking youth in her body . . .

"She left the house one day in a fit of crying"

This story was suggested by testimonials in our files. Names and places have been altered out of courtesy to our friends who have been kind enough to write to us about their wonderful experiences with Wincarnis.

I am ashamed of myself when I think of what I did. But if my own story can help other people, then I feel it my duty to expose myself as a hated woman who broke up her son's happy home. To-day I am in my forty-eighth year. Never have I felt more vitally alive than I do now. I am married to my second husband and we are as happy as those two re-united young people whom I drove apart. Yet only three years ago I was an irritable old woman, plagued with headaches, shooting pains and fits of "nerves." And then something wonderful happened which changed my life completely.

My health fails

My first husband died and left me a widow at the age of thirty-eight. Our son, Wilfred, was then old enough to support me, and I settled down to mourn my loss. A few months later I had nervous headaches, backaches and spells of nervous nausea. I presumed that my great sorrow had brought on an early change of life. I was resigned to old age.

Then Wilfred told me he was going to be married. I was frightened. I cried. I made an awful scene ; I did not want to share him. But he was in love, and I had no choice. I had to live with them. Mildred was sweet to me, but I was all "nerves" and cross as a bear. I refused to eat most of the food she cooked. I sneered about the way she kept house, nagged her from morning till night. Why tell more? She put up with me for two years, and left the house one day in a fit of crying.

I am taken to task

Wilfred was heart-broken. Mildred refused to come back with me in the house. I wanted someone to wait on me, so I sent for my sister. She was sympathetic at first, but as she pieced together the story, she began to eye me with cold suspicion. Then she produced a bottle of something and said : "You're going to take this. Your body is in a weakened condition because your blood is thin." Continued nervous illness had produced an anæmia which destroyed the red corpuscles in my blood and left me a bundle of nerves.

The bottle contained Wincarnis. She explained that this fine tonic wine was not a medicine ; that it is made with beef and malt, and the vitality-giving goodness of rich red wine—the precious nourishment which builds strong new red corpuscles in the blood and puts youth into the body.

I am a woman re-born

I took my first glass of Wincarnis under pressure but soon learned to like its really delicious taste. My appetite came back like magic. I slept better. The headaches vanished. I began to take pride in my appearance. I was a woman re-born ; and how well I knew this when I met the man who became my second husband. That change in me took place three years ago. I have since squared things with my son and daughter-in-law.

Give Wincarnis a trial ; it's free

Many women who think that youth is painfully changing to disinterested old age in their bodies have only a weakened blood to blame. If your nerves jangle easily ; if your head often aches and nervous pains shoot through your body ; if you lack appetite, and zest, give Wincarnis a trial. Let the benefits of the beef, malt and rich red wine build up strong red corpuscles in your blood. At wine merchants, licensed chemists and grocers, two sizes, 5/6d. and 3/3d.

POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE

To : Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. 6-R, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

I enclose 4½d. in stamps to cover postage and packing. Please send me a free sample of Wincarnis.

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"JOHN BULL" ANNOUNCES ITS UNPARALLELED

OUR GREAT £2.2.0 SECURITY GIFT FOR EVERY READER!

Over 120,000 Cheques already paid. New Protection for Widowed Mothers.

WITH the utmost pride in the unbroken success of its great Free Family Insurance Gift, "John Bull" takes pleasure in announcing to-day the comprehensive and unparalleled benefits for 1936—a sure shield of safety for registered readers, their homes and families throughout the year. This gigantic insurance gift incorporates all the wonderful benefits set forth on the opposite page.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS Remember "John Bull" gives you benefits offered by no other Paper. It is the only paper which safeguards those precious possessions—that mean "home" to you—against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST. It is moreover the only paper which provides SICKNESS benefits for its registered readers. These exclusive benefits alone would make this great gift supreme. Combined with the other vital benefits offered the Scheme stands unparalleled and pre-eminent. Already over 120,000 cheques have been distributed to registered readers.

ADDITIONAL PROTECTION FOR WIDOWS

The scope of this great gift has this year been further extended by an invaluable new benefit providing additional protection for widowed mothers. In future the benefit of a registration effected by a widow will extend also to an only son or daughter who is the breadwinner.

A GIFT WORTH £2.2.0. Similar protection to that which "John Bull" provides free would, if obtained through an Insurance Company, cost you at least two guineas in Insurance premiums. **WE OFFER IT TO YOU FREE.**

Present registered readers are automatically qualified for this unprecedented free insurance gift which supersedes and cancels all previously announced. There is no need for them to re-register unless they have changed their address or newsagent. If you are not yet a registered reader fill up the forms on the opposite page to-day—in fact this very moment. Get your pen and **ACT NOW.**

FREE FAMILY INSURANCE GIFT FOR 1936

WE WILL GIVE

the Registered Reader of "John Bull," or in the event of death the Registered Reader's husband or wife, or dependent children or parents, if any:—

FIRE

£1,000—against loss by fire to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£500—in case of death of husband and wife directly due to injuries caused by an outbreak of fire involving the Registered Reader's home.

£250—in case of death of either under such circumstances.

£125—for loss of one limb or the sight of one eye under such circumstances.

£10—for Medical Fees for injuries directly caused by an outbreak of fire involving the Registered Reader's home.

£4—per week for both (or £2 per week for either) up to 4 weeks for disablement under such circumstances.

£2—per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

BURGLARY AND HOUSE-BREAKING

£200—loss by theft arising from burglary or housebreaking of a Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects. Provided that first £2 is borne by the Registered Reader.

£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering the Registered Reader's home for the purpose of robbery.

£500—if one is killed under such circumstances.

£500—for husband and wife (or £250 for either) for loss of one limb or the sight of one eye under such circumstances.

£10—Medical Fees for injuries by violence under such circumstances.

£4—per week for both (or £2 per week for either) up to 4 weeks for disablement under such circumstances.

STORM AND FLOOD

£300—loss caused by Storm, Tempest or Flood to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

ACCIDENTS IN HOME AND GARDEN

£100—should the Registered Reader and his wife be killed by an accident at the reader's registered address and/or garden attached thereto; or

£50—in the case of the death of either under such circumstances.

£3—for a fracture of a limb or skull under such circumstances.

CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS

£2—will be paid to the parent being a Registered Reader in the event of an accident to his or her child over six and under fifteen years of age, causing a broken arm above the wrist, broken leg above the ankle, or fractured skull, excepting accidents of employment or pillion riding.

SPORTS ACCIDENTS

£500—in case of death of husband and wife, or

£250—in respect of either if killed accidentally while playing in a game of Football, Tennis, Cricket, Hockey, Golf, Hurling, Pushball or Lacrosse, as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£5—for a fracture of a limb or skull under such circumstances.

GAS EXPLOSION

£100—loss caused by explosion of Gas or Domestic Boilers to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

BURST HOT WATER PIPES

£100—loss caused by bursting of Hot-water Pipes or Water-heating Apparatus to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

DAMAGE BY AIRCRAFT

£300—loss caused by Aeroplanes, Airships, or other Aerial Craft to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

SICKNESS BENEFITS

£6 . 6s.—In the case of husband and wife, or

£3 . 3s.—in respect of either for total disablement arising directly from Diphtheria, Measles (Morbilli), Smallpox (Variola), Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-Spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax, or Tetanus (Lockjaw).
These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

BOATING AND BATHING

£200—in case of death of husband and wife, or

£100—in respect of either if accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on, or bathing in, the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath, providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that in case of boating the boat be not a passenger steamer or motor boat plying for hire.

WIRELESS BENEFIT

£10—for damage by lightning to Registered Reader's Wireless Apparatus (including Aerials and Supports) licensed to and owned by him or her at his or her private address as registered.

LIGHTNING

£300—loss caused by Lightning or Thunderbolt to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects.

ONLY CHILD OF A WIDOW

The unmarried only child (son or daughter) over the age of 15 years of a widow who is a Registered Reader shall be deemed to be a Registered Reader while he she is permanently residing with and the sole support of his/her mother.

CONDITIONS—(a) This scheme applies only to Registered Readers residing in and accidents or events occurring in the British Isles, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man.

(b) A "Registered Reader" shall mean any person over fifteen years of age registered with "John Bull" as having personally signed and forwarded to "John Bull" Registration Department the prescribed registration form and given a signed order to a Newsagent for the regular and uninterrupted weekly delivery of "John Bull," which has been continuously received from such newsagent and paid for. Provided that a Registered Reader over seventy years of age shall be entitled to all the benefits of this gift except those in respect of death disablement or sickness.

(c) The husband or wife of a Registered Reader permanently residing with him or her shall be deemed to be a Registered Reader for the purpose of those benefits which are applicable.

(d) Applications for benefit in respect of any one accident or event, which must be confined to one of the benefits, must be forwarded in writing to the Insurance Manager, "John Bull," 128, Long Acre, W.C.2, as to accident benefits within seven days; fire, burglary and housebreaking and other household benefits within forty-eight hours; and sickness benefits within fourteen days of the illness manifesting itself. Medical Certificates and or other evidence in support of the application must be furnished by the Registered Reader at his or her own expense.

(e) As to the injury benefits, this scheme applies only to bodily injury directly and immediately caused by violent external or visible means which is the sole cause of death, loss or disablement as defined, and no sum will be given in respect of any accident, fatal or otherwise, happening while the Reader is in a fit, or arising from or traceable to intentional self-injury, drugs, suicide, insanity or intemperance, or is suffering from any physical or mental disability likely to increase the risk of accident or fatality, or while in an unconscious state, or due to brawl, assault, war, riot, or civil commotion

(f) Loss of a limb means the loss by physical separation of an arm or leg above the wrist or ankle. A fractured limb shall mean a fracture of the arm or leg above the wrist or ankle.
Death or loss of limb or sight must result within fourteen days after the accident and as a direct result of the injury. In the event of death, benefits will be paid to the husband or wife of the Registered Reader, or dependent children or parents (if any).

(g) Disablement applies where the reader is totally unable to follow his or her usual employment.

(h) Benefit shall not be payable under this scheme for any accident arising out of, or in the course of, the Registered Reader's employment.

(i) No benefits under the Fire Section will be given unless the fire is one which is reported on by a Fire Brigade or Police Officer. Compensation for material damage or loss by fire, burglary or housebreaking or any of the events covered by Household benefits will be subject to any rights which the applicant may have or acquire under any other Insurance Scheme, Company or otherwise, and the Proprietors of "John Bull" shall give no benefit until the Registered Reader has exhausted all such other remedies. Compensation will only be paid in respect of loss by theft arising from burglary or housebreaking provided: (a) immediate notice of such event or events is given to the police; (b) that there is visible evidence of forcible entry of the dwelling-house or apartments; (c) the dwelling-house or apartments have been occupied for ordinary residence by the Registered Reader or a member of his or her household within seven days preceding the breaking and entering; (d) loss has not been occasioned or contributed to by the negligence of the occupier, his or her servant or agent; (e) the first £2 of any loss shall be borne by the Registered Reader and (f) that in the case of jewellery and or furs compensation will be limited to a maximum of £20. Any misrepresentation or wilful misstatement of fact shall disqualify an application.

(j) The fire, burglary and housebreaking and other household benefits apply to the Registered Reader's household furniture and personal effects excepting money in cash or the equivalent in his or her private dwelling-house (being of permanent construction and of a fixed location) or apartments in such dwelling-house or dwelling rooms which are attached to business premises of the Registered Reader at the address registered, but not to the contents of business premises or stock-in-trade.

(k) To become recipient of rent benefit the Registered Reader must either be responsible for and furnish proof of amount of rent, or be beneficial owner, and furnish proof of net rateable assessment, which shall be deemed as rent.

(l) In order to comply with the requirements of the law the Proprietors of "John Bull" have to announce that while this Free Insurance Scheme does not involve any contractual liability, it has the financial backing and support of Odhams Press Limited (the proprietors of "John Bull"), whose issued share capital is £1,875,000.

(m) The proprietors may at any time discontinue or make any amendment to these Benefits and or Conditions by the publication of a notice in "John Bull," also they reserve the right to refuse or cancel any registration at any time. In any event, these benefits will terminate at midnight of the thirty-first day of December, 1936.

(n) In case of change of address and/or Newsagent, a fresh coupon must be forwarded for registration, for which an acknowledgment must be received, and a fresh order form lodged with the newsagent, otherwise no Benefits will be allowed.

(o) In the event of any dispute between the Reader or any applicant under this gift and the proprietors of "John Bull" the same shall be referred to arbitration in London in accordance with the statutory provisions for the time being in force applicable thereto and the obtaining of an award shall be a condition precedent to any right of action.

If you are already registered, there is no need to complete these forms unless you have changed your address or your Newsagent.

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JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve "John Bull" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 28/12/35.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 28/12/35.

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JOHN BULL

THURSDAY;

For week ending Saturday, December 28, 1935. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

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Without Fear or Favour

Though he may secretly sympathise, the policeman has no alternative but to stop the Christmas prize-winner from enjoying his "good luck"

Christmas Dinners Ruined by Law

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to All Our Readers

HUNDREDS of Christmas dinners in small households all over the country have been sadly curtailed this year by the operations for the first time of THE LAW.

On some tables the usual turkey will be missing; on others the customary bottle of whisky will have given place to a bottle of beer, the box of twenty-five cigars given place to fifty "gaspers."

And why? Because that turkey and that bottle of whisky and box of cigars were the ill-gotten gains from lotteries—prizes won in sixpenny and shilling raffles—and a few months ago an Act was passed forbidding lotteries.

We doubt if anyone imagined for a moment that the harmless Christmas draw, or sweep, got up in almost every office, club, hotel and public-house in the country, would be considered a lottery "within the meaning of the Act."

Not even the police themselves thought so, much as they welcomed the new Act as a means of curbing the activities of those slippery gentlemen who exploit this season of the year to organise fraudulent draws and decamp with the proceeds.

But the policeman's lot is not to reason why. He must carry out the Law, and recently he learned very definitely what it is where Christmas draws are concerned.

The result has been that in the last few weeks many an organiser of a Christmas draw has had a visit from the police, and many a table this Christmas Day will be without the turkey, the whisky and the cigars that have hitherto come as a boon to the lucky prizewinners.

In some instances arrangements for draws were well advanced before the authorities intervened. This was the case after one hundred and fifty thousand free tickets had been distributed in North London alone in connection with a shopping draw run by a committee of tradesmen. Prizes, including a grand piano and a radiogram, had been exhibited in a local electrical showroom before the promoters were warned that they were liable to prosecution.

In consequence fifty or sixty shopkeepers who had clubbed together and agreed to give prizes *free of all cost* to people who shopped with them and were lucky enough to get the winning tickets had no option but to abandon their scheme.

In one town the Chief Constable not merely warned promoters of possible court proceedings, but banned all sweeps in his area. Because he did his job only too well, a local hospital will be worse off by about £1,000, which Christmas "sweeps" have raised for it annually for at least ten years.

☆ ☆ ☆

Mr. A. C. Reed, M.P., who intends to raise this matter in the House of Commons, at a meeting some time ago expressed the strongest disapproval of the way the new Act hits such genuine charitable schemes as this.

He cited the case of an Exeter woman who sold tickets in aid of a Devon charity at a few pence each. The funds were all intended for the charity, and the one and only prize was a large cake.

When the police warned her that severe penalties could be imposed if she persisted in her enterprise, her supporters sent a letter of protest to the Home Secretary. His reply was that the action of the police was perfectly in order.

Again, tickets had been sold freely in a sweep, held annually for years in aid of a famous London hospital, before the new Act was brought to the notice of the promoters.

They at once sought legal advice, and so did the hospital autnorities. The lawyers disagreed on the interpretation of the Act, and rather than risk litigation and loss the venture was dropped.

Even Boy Scouts and Girl Guides have felt the weight of the strong arm of the Law. In one provincial town troops of them were raising money for church funds and charities when they got the order to stop

Government departments, too. In the Office of Works, for example, there has been a sweep for years, tickets being sold only to members of the staff. This year the ban went up.

The same sort of raffle is, as everyone knows, got up in offices all over the country. It is something in keeping with the spirit of the festive season, and it will take a lot to convince those who may continue surreptitiously to participate in it that they are doing anything wrong.

For years, in a sweep held among the staff of a big firm in the City of London, monetary prizes have been awarded, but this year the police stopped it as the law now makes even a "lottery" of this type illegal.

Another big City draw, for long run through the medium of a magazine, has been completely remodelled this year as a contest of skill, since legal advisers took the view that it might, in its old form, be a contravention of the new Act.

And for the first time for many years five hundred poor families at Crewe will go without a Christmas hamper, provided for them from the proceeds of a sweep now banned by the authorities

In the famous University town of Cambridge at least half a dozen organisations have been approached by the police and warned, under the Act, that draws they had launched must be dropped.

Some at once refunded the ticket-holders' money.

At Southend-on-Sea, where Christmas schemes of the charitable type have been run for many years, promoters have been similarly called upon by the police and told that they would be well advised to seek legal opinion if they intended to carry on.

In several cases where draws have been stopped a difficult problem has arisen, because the moneys collected are not sufficient to defray the cost of the prizes already purchased !

Many people, who only participate in such promotions because they are actuated by a keen desire to do good to local charities, and to help mutual welfare associations, contend that such a widespread application of this new law places them in a ridiculous and humiliating position.

☆ ☆ ☆

We repeat our conviction that the new law was never deliberately intended to curtail charitable efforts of this kind.

To suppress the harmless Christmas draw may be good law. But no law is good if it has the effect of imposing on people petty and stupid restrictions of this kind.

We think this is true of the application of the Betting and Lotteries Act to the Christmas sweep.

And we hope that before another Christmas comes round our legislators will think so, too!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

No Carols!—a New Bee in Bumble's Bonnet

THERE are people we can do without at Christmas—the Scrooges, the cynics, the bogus "Christmas charity" collectors and many others. But most of us would regret the absence of those seasonable visitors who carry on one of the most time-honoured and pleasant of traditions—the carol-singers.

Yet in many districts this year there will be no one to sing the old joyous airs outside the house; townsfolk and country dwellers alike will listen in vain to-night and to-morrow for those familiar strains.

Authority has decreed that carols are a nuisance and cannot be tolerated!

Big choirs only

In some areas, as we say, the prohibition is complete. In others, the Watch Committee has decided that only organised choirs and big bands may be permitted.

They will be required to obtain permits (as if they were pedlars of laces or matches), and these permits will be refused to private parties.

Outlawed!

We need hardly point out that this is a hard blow to the singers who have for years kept the ancient tradition before us, but who are not members of a regular organisation.

It means that the young folk who, in many places, are the only carol-singers must now be treated as outlaws should they dare to serenade their neighbours.

Public remedy

It may be that in a few great towns there are too many lads and girls attempting to earn odd coppers by singing a verse or two of "Good King Wenceslas," or "The First Noel."

If that is so, the remedy lies with the public and hardly calls for ponderous official action, for householders can always refuse to give alms to bad singers.

In small towns and country districts, however, the singers are all too few.

Thing of the past

People in the Okehampton area, for example, are lamenting that street carolling has become a thing of the past. Rather than restrict what is rightly regarded as a fine old custom, it is encouraged.

Yet in the county's capital, Exeter, official permits are issued only to persons in charge of choirs and bands.

The same anomalous situation exists in other parts of Britain. One district does its utmost to maintain the old-world tradition; its neighbour does its utmost to suppress it.

Bumbledom

We believe the great majority of private citizens will agree with us that official meddling in such matters is to be deplored.

Christmastide celebrations should be left alone by our Bumbles, for there are more serious problems which deserve their consideration.

And we must confess that we shall view with sympathy any band of carollers which dares to flout the ban by singing in the streets to-night. So, we think, will our readers.

Dearer living

Food prices, which went down oddly enough during the election period, have started to rise again.

Meat, cheese, bacon and butter have gone up considerably. So have potatoes, and there is a possibility of a further rise in the next few weeks.

Mr. Elliot, Minister of Agriculture, must be pleased. High prices are part of his plan. And the displeasure of the housewife leaves him unmoved.

A bright young man!

Mr. Somerset de Chair, youthful new M.P., has an idea for feeding the unemployed that will also displease many.

He suggests that the Personal Service League, which undertakes charitable work for the jobless, should go round the hotels and restaurants to "collect the food which is discarded but quite wholesome," and have it distributed to the workless families!

Let us whisper something in the ear of this bright young man. The unemployed want no charity, but they do want the necessities of life to which they are entitled.

Common-sense

Much more commendable is Miss Ellen Wilkinson's suggestion that the Government should distribute boots and shoes to ill-shod school children.

While the school medical service is trying to build up the health of needy scholars, wet feet are undermining their constitution.

Moreover, the plan would bring work to the boot and shoe districts, where unemployment is serious.

Women in the mines

But we emphatically disagree with the group of middle-class women who want to abolish the laws which prevent the employment of women underground in coal mines.

They argue that no restrictions in industry should apply to women which do not apply equally to men.

It would be interesting to hear what the other twenty million women and girls in this country think about these self-appointed advocates.

Disaster funds

We shall also be glad to hear what the Government proposes to do about the scandal of the pit disaster funds.

We recently revealed that large amounts, left over from public funds subscribed for past mine disasters, are lying dormant.

Now the official enquiry into the matter has been completed, and it is likely that the Opposition will ask for a Bill to pool these funds and have them available for immediate use in any fresh emergency.

Sporting

One word more about the mines. By way of a change, we must commend the sporting gesture of a colliery firm.

Two thousand men of Thorne Colliery, near Doncaster, lately went on strike. Most of them were tenants of the company's houses and owed a week's rent when they resumed work.

The owners, realising the hardships that would fall on the men's families at Christmastide if the arrears were deducted from wages, have generously made them a present of the week's rent—with the addition of seasonable wishes.

Bright M.P.'s Dark Idea

Bad Deal for War's Maimed

It's an old Christmas custom—and long may it survive!

Men in blue

There are forty-two men in Ralston Red Cross Hospital, Paisley. They are among the most tragic victims of the War; now they are to be the victims of Economy.

Some, owing to wounds in the spine, will never walk again and must even be spoon-fed. Others cannot speak coherently, many of them are in an acute nervous condition, all of them are rightly indignant because Ralston hospital is to be closed.

Next May they will be transferred to Erskine hospital, where, it is understood, they will be lodged in outhouses.

Grievance

Their present home is within easy reach of both Paisley and Glasgow, so that relatives can visit them regularly and at little cost. Their new quarters will be half an hour's walk from the main road; visiting will be inconvenient and more expensive.

Moreover, the few patients who are able to get about will miss their local friends, the kinema, and other amenities.

We have a good deal of admiration for the Red Cross. We shall have less if the proposed removal is carried out.

War declared

More sanctions are being prepared by the League of Nations—sanctions against the common fly. Its experts are now meeting in London to consider methods of restraining the aggressor.

Critics of the League may find this a further target for their sneers, but the world will be a healthier and more comfortable planet if the experts succeed.

The fly is more annoying than dangerous in Britain, but in countries where he spreads typhoid he is a definite menace. Let us hope the League swats him!

The Fragrant Minute

WISHES FOR YOU

WHAT shall I wish for you, my friend, now that we're almost round the bend, and the Old Year has reached its end? For this I wish, for this I pray, the sun will shine along life's way, for you, my friend, each hour, each day.

But if clouds gather as clouds do, then courage, friend, I'll wish for you until the sun comes smiling through. A bed, my friend, that you may rest; with food and warmth may you be blest, and in your heart, peace for a guest.

And may you have the chance to aid a brother in distress, afraid, hiding himself in Fear's dark glade. And may you have the pow'r and will to plant some good where there is ill, as you go plodding up Life's hill.

Where'er you be, where'er you wend, may you have always some good friend to greet you at the journey's end.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

New tax hardship

Now for a word about that other unpleasant subject—income tax. The Inland Revenue authorities have found a new weapon with which to beat the hard-up.

A writ was issued in the High Court against a man who owed £3 16s. in tax. Costs amounted to £5 1s. The authorities agreed to accept £2 7s. for costs if the amount was paid within seven days, but the debtor could afford to pay only by instalments.

We should like to know why the ordinary police court summons (which costs but 3s.) was not issued instead of the costly High Court writ.

Shock for a father

We must also tell you of a clerk, earning £3 13s. a week, whose little son was injured in a street accident and taken to hospital. He has received a bill for £3 10s. a week in respect of treatment!

But before you demand the name of the hospital, let us tell you that it had to send such a bill under the terms of the Road Traffic Act. Actually it wouldn't think of taking the full amount from a man who couldn't afford it.

So the hospital's all right. It is the Act that has made a fool of itself.

Making it clear

And now read this, if you can without laughing:

"Separate departments in the same premises are treated as separate premises for this purpose when separate branches of work which are commonly carried on as separate businesses in separate premises are carried on in separate departments in the same premises."

It is from a Ministry of Labour circular and not, as you might think, from a Ministry of Circumlocution rhapsody.

Hard labour

A different statement, equally worth quoting:

"You will go to prison for three months with hard labour, whatever that means—it doesn't mean much to-day."

Thus a magistrate, who no doubt has prison reform in mind.

And yet jail may still mean a lost job (to say nothing of the disgrace) at a time when it is harder than ever for a man to get a fresh start.

Police lawyers

We have commented before on the scandal of magistrates or their clerks having to act as prosecuting counsel and examine witnesses because of the absence of police advocates, and we need not stress the obvious dangers of this practice.

Mr. Tudor Rees, chairman of Epsom Bench, points out that £250 000 was paid in fines during the past year, and he believes that some of that might be spent in employing legal representatives by the police.

He is right. The authorities' plea that prosecuting counsel cannot be employed in all police prosecutions because of the need for economy is a peculiarly flimsy excuse.

Mr. J. H. Murphy

Mr. J. H. Murphy (Registrar of the Hairdressers' Registration Council) was good enough to grant an interview for publication in JOHN BULL, but owing to a misunderstanding his name appeared as the author of the article, "Peril at the Hairdresser's," in our issue of November 16.

We wish to make it clear that Mr. Murphy did not himself write the article, and we appreciate that had he had an opportunity of seeing a proof before publication he would have been in a position to dissociate himself from certain statements in the article to which he takes strong exception.

Enter Charles Dickens!

"Turn again to the chapter in Pickwick, where he kissed the old lady under the mistletoe . . ."

—100 Merrier Christmases

Thanks to Him

—by—

A. G. GARDINER

IN our homely festivities this Christmas we ought, for a special reason, to remember with affection and gratitude the patron saint of Christmas. For this season is the centenary of the passing of the old order.

It was in 1836 that Mr. Pickwick burst in upon the English scene and set the whole nation roaring with fun that has come echoing down to us for a century and will, please God, go echoing on in the ears of our children through the centuries to come.

And not the least of the gifts that he brought with him was the ancient spirit of Christmas—the spirit of warmth and gaiety and simple fireside comfort that had been banished from the Christmas scene.

Dickens, it is true, had not yet got into his stride in this great revival. He was only twenty-three and the Christmas books were still ten years off.

BUT you have only to turn again to that gorgeous Chapter 27 in "Pickwick" to see that already he scented his quarry from afar. Read once more the hilarious story of the journey of Mr. Pickwick and his friends on the Muggleton coach to Dingley Dell, and of the Christmas Eve revels at Wardle's, with everybody romping with merriment, Mr. Pickwick kissing the old lady under the mistletoe and Sam Weller kissing Emma, the maid, on the fringe of the crowd, and Mr. Wardle standing with his back to the fire smiling upon the throng, and the Fat Boy seizing the opportunity to devour "a particularly fine mince-pie that had been carefully put by for somebody else."

The snow was outside and the wind was whistling around the rafters. But within the logs were blazing on the hearth, and the table was groaning with roast and boiled, and punch was flowing and hot apples were "hissing and bubbling with a rich look," and songs were sung and Blind-man's-buff played, and all the household, guests and hosts and servants alike (for such was Mr. Wardle's Christmas Eve custom), sat down to supper together and kept the fire of human companionship glowing defiantly in the depth of the winter night.

"Trundle, my boy, rake up the fire," cries Mr. Wardle. "Fill up all round and now for a song."

In that scene we see Dickens restoring to Christmas the spirit of that ancient festival, pagan and Christian, that rejoiced at once in the healthy appetites of the body and the things of the spirit, and mixed its prayers with vast helpings of plum pudding and lashings of wassail.

The holyday was also a holiday, and there was no irreverence in making the occasion a feast of those creature comforts and those simple revelries that keep our bodies warm and our human sympathies alive.

UPON Dickens, as has been said, descended the real tradition of "Merry England," and you will have to go back to Chaucer to capture in equal measure that love of good living and good fellowship and merry comradeship that he shed over life.

It was Mr. Yeats, I think, who said that Spenser sang the swan song of "Merry England," and that the Puritans draped our heaven with black. There is a good deal of romantic nonsense talked about the mediæval world, and no unprejudiced study of history can leave in the mind any doubt that the general life to-day is incredibly richer, more secure and more free than at any period in the past. But it is equally true that the Puritan revolt against the things of the flesh as enemies to the things of the spirit took much of the colour out of life and much of the merriment out of the soul of man.

Shakespeare saw the gloom coming. "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?" asks Sir Toby Belch of Malvolio. And the riotous reaction of the Restoration showed that if you make asceticism the test of virtue the natural appetites of the human animal will revolt against virtue and take their revenge in an orgy of excess.

But even in the time of the "Blessed Restoration," Christmas did not recover its cheerfulness. There was never a man who had a heartier appetite for the gaieties and good things of life than Samuel Pepys.

He loved good company and good eating, had a passion for song, could never see a pretty woman without writing about her in his diary at night and had a childlike delight in innocent merriment. Indeed, "merry" was his favourite word, and few were the days when he did not succeed in being "merry" about something.

But there was one day when even his indomitable cheerfulness was under a cloud. I have had the curiosity to turn up his records of how he spent his Christmases, and it is obvious that that festival was the most cheerless day of his year. There was no jollity and no company. The only concessions to the flesh were the mince pies which his wife made for the occasion. His entries are all in a mood of loneliness and low spirits, thus:

1660 . . After dinner to church again, my wife and I, where we had a dull sermon of a stranger, which made me sleep, and so home, and I, before and after supper, to my lute and Fuller's History, at which I staid all alone in my chamber till 12 at night and so to bed.

1661 . . . Dined at home all alone, and taking occasion from some fault in the meat to complain of my maid's sluttery, my wife and I fell out, and I up to my chamber in a discontent. . . .

1663 . . . So home [from church] and to dinner alone with my wife, who, poor wretch! sat undressed all day, altering and lacing of a noble petticoat; while I by her, making the boy read to me the Life of Julius Cæsar and Des Cartes book of Musick—the latter of which I understand not, nor think he did well that writ it, though a most learned man. . .

That was how even the most cheerful and companionable of men kept Christmas nearly 300 years ago. And the debt we owe to Dickens is that he helped to bring merriment back to this most human festival of the family.

"Merry" is a good word and implies a good thing. It may be admitted that merriment is an inferior quality to cheerfulness. It is an emotion, an occasional spasm, whereas cheerfulness is a habit of mind, a whole philosophy of life.

But the one quality should not exclude the other. An occasional burst of irresponsible merriment is good for anybody, even for the saintliest of us—especially for the saintliest of us. For he needs to give himself an occasional reminder that his virtue is not an alien thing, but is rooted in our common humanity. It is a flower that springs from the kindly affection of the home and the family hearth.

It becomes the spirit of Christmas—the spirit of charity, good will, simple human joy in widest commonalty spread—cheers and irradiates all the world of Dickens that he lives immortally in our affection.

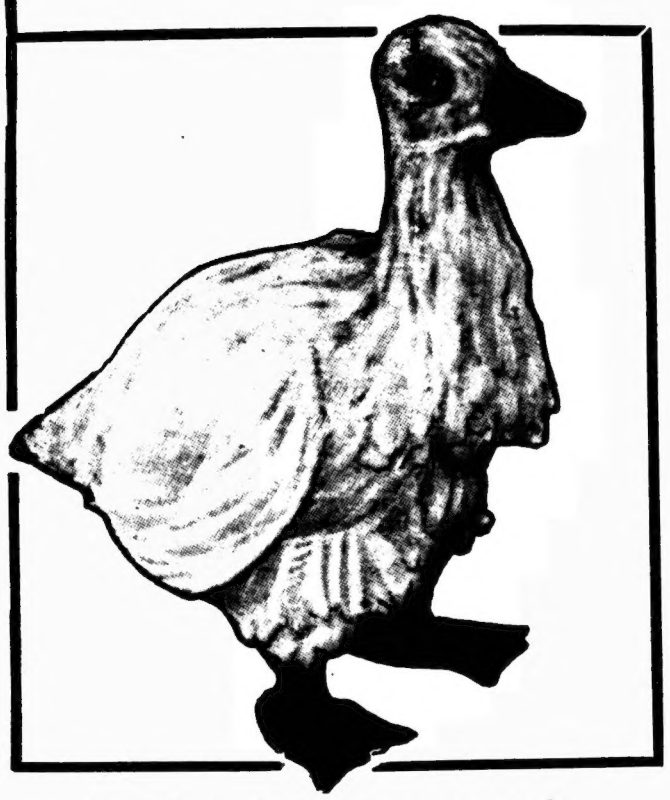
The sophisticated world of to-day may scoff at his crudities and his extravagances, and exalt the realists and pessimists who see life only as a charnel house; but the heart of humanity will always expand to his ardent gospel of love and good will.

HE was one of us and believed in us. He believed in even the least worthy of us—even in Scrooge. "He is," as Mr. Chesterton had said, "only a crusty old bachelor and had (I strongly suspect) given away turkeys secretly all his life."

And so on this centenary Christmas let us remember that amazing lad (for he was then little more) who gave us back the ancient, hearty spirit of Christmas. And let us say with him:

"Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of childish days; that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth; that can transport the sailor and the traveller, thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home!"

MYSTERY MEN of



George Queen, the famous goose, struts in his realistic "body," which—when unworn—is touched by no one but George

PANTOMIME is "on" again, and throughout the land, in scores of theatres, large and small, the curtains are rising this week to the flare of trumpets, the roll of drums, and to Clown's immortal words—"Here we are again!"

And what a splendid, what an utterly appropriate "opening" for pantomime, the liveliest corpse in the entertainment world, the show that is always being sentenced to death, the show that never dies—"Here we are again!"

Of course, it's changed. All things change. Clown has gone, except for the traditional opening lines that they've left him. Harlequin has gone, and Columbine.

The principal boys and girls are seldom the Panto. specialists that once they were—great names because you saw them year after year. Often now they are stars from the "legitimate" stage—dropping Dick Whittington's stick and bundle to act Shakespeare for the rest of the year; exchanging the fairy wand for a cocktail glass in "drawing-room comedy."

But there is one part of the old crowd that has never changed, and they are the people that most of the millions of faithful Panto. fans know least about.

Unchanging art

They are the "animal" men—the Cat man, the Goose men, the men who play the horse, bull, cow, and any other of the variety of animals in the fairyland zoology, and the "trap jumpers."

They are the last of the specialists who live by—and for—the pantomime.

Their art—the technique of their craft has remained the same for generations. And because it is at once more arduous and more complicated than the jobs of any other members of the cast there are few of them left. Of the top-notchers among the animal men there are less than a dozen—and they are mostly middle-aged men.

It is also a closed craft of highly individual performers with its own jargon, and its own trade secrets—which its members jealously guard even from each other.

It is highly paid. The "animal" man in a big Panto. often earns £80 to £100 a week. In the salary list of most shows only the principal boy and the chief comedian are ahead of him.

But—what about the secrets? You might not think that there was any particularly great secret about playing the front legs of the comic cow in "Jack and the Beanstalk" or about strutting the stage in "Puss in Boots," or in being the reptile that flounders into the kitchen and frightens poor Cinderella. But isn't there?

The acknowledged king of all "animal" men is Johnny Fuller, who plays in Dick Whittington at Newcastle this year. He has always played cat parts, and when he is not squiring Dick Whittington or gambolling as Puss in Boots he lives in retirement in his villa at Holland-on-Sea, near Clacton.

Constant study

There he spends nine months of the year thinking out new feline pranks, still further improving his act, and studying—cats.

He has been doing it for forty years. And so well does he do it, that for the remaining three months when he is "working" he is as nearly a cat as any human being may be.

Fuller has guarded his act and its secrets more jealously than any of the "animal" men, and yet in spite of that—or because of it—nobody is more admired and respected by the profession.

He makes his own costumes of cat-skins during his nine months' rest. That costume moves with him in a locked "skip" to the theatre at which he is booked for the pantomime season. It goes back with him to his hotel each night after each show.

Nobody has ever seen the inside of that costume except Fuller, nobody has ever seen him put it on or take it off—for the simple reason that he "makes up" behind locked doors at the theatre. He has no dresser—and always occupies a dressing room alone.

His facial make-up is Fuller's especial secret. Unlike some other "cat" men he wears no mask. He spends two and a half hours every night in that locked dressing-room applying the mixture of fur, whisker and pigment which gives him a stage face that is more cat-like than many a cat.

Not only is nobody permitted to witness Johnny Fuller undergoing his feline transformation; he guards himself from too close observation on the stage itself.

When he leaves his dressing-room he covers himself in a long black cloak which covers his head and costume, and, shrouded in this, he waits in the wings for his cue. An attendant must stand ready with the cloak, which Fuller instantly dons the moment he prances off at the conclusion of his act.

Fuller's "cat" act is a wonderful example of art copying nature, and his make-up plays a large part in his success. Nobody knows that better than he does, which is perhaps why he guards the secret so closely.

He is the only "cat" player who laps milk on the stage, and he can do that because he does not wear a mask like many of the others.

But his make-up is not everything.

He is an accomplished gymnast. He can leap up and perch himself on all fours along a four-inch-wide stage strut representing a garden wall and perform the whole action with the rippling effortless grace of a real cat.

Always a cat!

At one time he used to take leaps on to the front of stage boxes and run round the dress circle on the embossed gilt projecting ledges. He gave that up because once some children at a Panto. performance were frightened.

But above all is his knowledge of cats' ways, the result of years of the closest study and observation, so that he can simulate every feline gesture, expression and movement to the life. On the stage Johnny Fuller is a cat, and it is a serious subject to him which he elevates to the dignity of a high art.

He never condescends to becoming a plain human actor. Most "animal" actors doff their costumes or their masks when taking the curtain call at the end of each evening's show. Johnny Fuller doesn't. He takes the call as a cat, sitting back among the other bowing and smiling performers. Nobody has ever seen him take his mask off!

If the king of "animal" men in the pantomime world is a cat, the crown prince is a goose.

Greatest of the "goose" men is Fred Conquest, who now lives in retirement on a large estate in the Isle of Wight. He comes from the stage family of Conquest, famous as animal impersonators for generations. The family flair is still Fred Conquest's abiding passion. He spends his retirement still studying birds, animals and insects.

Fred's goose feather mantle has descended on George Queen, who is in Mother Goose at Liverpool this year.

Authentic walk

Queen owns a robot goose contraption called Priscilla, about which he is as secretive as Johnny Fuller is about his cat "make-up."

With George inside, it struts across the stage with the authentic intoed walk of all geese. It pecks food from the boards with the same jerky movement, the same suspicious swivelling glare from its eyes as the real article.

It gobbles and cackles and preens its real goose-feather body. Stray feathers sometimes fly out into the theatre to the delight of child audiences. All these actions and noises are carried out with a complicated array of strings, levers, pistons and buttons which George works to various cues while performing his act, bent double inside the goose's interior.

Between shows Priscilla sleeps in a locked trunk and no hand touches it except George. . . .

Except once. It is a tribute to Johnny Fuller's aloof standing in the profession that when some time ago George Queen was ill and a deputy was needed for his act, he would allow nobody except Fuller to handle his beloved Priscilla. If Fuller could not be got then they would have to get some other "goose" man, with his own apparatus.

There are other "goose" men, of course, besides George Queen. Each has his own "make-up" and costume which he believes is nearer the real thing than any other which has ever waddled across a stage. Each has special "gadgets" which he has developed and guards carefully from his brother artistes, and most of them work only during the pantomime season.

The back legs . . .

The rest of the year they run little businesses which have nothing to do with the theatre or else live comfortably and idly on the season's earnings. For most of them their geese truly lay golden eggs.

After the geese men come those who play horses, cows, etc. They have their own gadgets and their own pride of craft.

"I play the larger quadrupeds," said one of these "animal" actors grandiosely to the late Julian Wylie when applying for a job. He was a diminutive, elderly man, with the bearing of a Sir Henry Irving and the astrakhan coat collar of a "ham" actor of the old school.

Last year at a big London panto-

£1,000 FOR A WINDOW DISPLAY

ALL British shopkeepers have still *just time* to enter for the mammoth JOHN BULL Window Display Contest with its colossal prize of £1,000 cash. But they must hurry!

Full details and a display outfit will reach them by return if they apply to: JOHN BULL Window Display Contest, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. The competition is now nearing its climax, but there is no reason why an eleventh-hour entry should not win the day—and the £1,000.

Customers are again reminded that *they* can win a £100 cheque. That is the prize offered for the best slogan of not more than twelve words relating to any product featured in a shop window marked with a JOHN BULL Window Display Contest sign, between October 1 and December 31. Entry forms can be obtained at the shops where you see this sign.

For every slogan published £1 will be paid. Owing to the Christmas publishing arrangements last week's winning slogans are unavoidably held over. They will appear next week.

the PANTOMIME

mime one of these men approached the Press agent and with an air of fixed sorrow demanded to know why he had not been billed this year "as in every year past that he could remember."

"Who are you and what are you?" asked the Press agent in surprise.

"I'm 'so-and-so,'" he replied, "I play the back legs of the cow."

The Press agent didn't laugh. Because he knew that playing the back legs of the cow was an important matter, and that the artiste who does that work is at least as worthy of a place on the "bill" as the soubrette who gets there by reason of the ample display of her own legs.

The men who play what the old "ham" actor called "the larger quadrupeds" are mostly "brother acts," and their technique is usually a family business handed down from father to son.

For instance, at this year's Drury Lane pantomime are the Brothers Griffiths in "Jack and the Beanstalk." There was a Brothers Griffiths appearing in the same parts in 1889. Only one of the present duo descends from that family, but the name goes on. It is a family which has specialised in horses and cows.

. . . and the front

The present descendant has the post of honour and responsibility, the place where there is most work to do—the front legs.

And then there are the Shanks Brothers, equally famous, who are at Manchester this year in the same show. They add donkeys to their repertoire of horses, cows and bulls.

There is an involved technique about playing these stage animals. "Back leg" players usually stay in that position for their entire stage career, but there are masters of the craft who can play either end. When they can do that they proudly term themselves "double-handed" artistes.

Hidden "effects"

When they are encased in the horse or cow skin and carrying on their act, Back Legs usually takes his cue from Front Legs, who as well as doing his own business has a bewildering array of gadgets to look after.

He has little pumps which squeeze out tears from the animal's eyes, noise machines of various kinds, levers and strings which swivel ears, eyes and head.

When, for no apparent reason, the rear portion crosses his legs and sits down, it is the front legs which swings the head round to gaze in surprise at this procedure before he follows suit himself.

"Horse" and "cow" men have parts which are every bit as difficult to play, and are as chock full of trade secrets as that of any other of the animal actors. In some ways their act is harder because it includes more comic caricature than plain imitation.

The act, too, is expensive, because there are two to pay, and so they have to be very good to survive. Of course, these again are mostly pantomime specialists, and do little other entertainment business for the rest of the year.

Last of all the pantomime mystery men are the "trap" jumpers—the men who play the demon king's myrmidons and bounce up in clouds of bengal fire through "star traps" from the regions beneath the stage.

In the old days the demon king himself was a star trap jumper, but today he is picked chiefly for his voice, and not his athletics.

"Star trap" jumping is strenuous, and can be risky. It has evolved its own standards of excellence among its practitioners. The performer must leave a spring underneath the stage on the instant of his cue, and he must judge the weight of his bounce on the spring-board so that he is carried up and through the star trap on the stage with his body well cleared.

There have been cases where the performer has jumped too feebly so that he has begun to drop again before his body is clear of the star trap. The segments have then shut down on him, causing severe lacerations.

Family affair

On the other hand, a great artiste like Lupino Lane has been able to leave the trap at such a pace that he could do four or five somersaults in the air before landing on the stage. There have been pantomime audiences which judged the devilishness of demons by the number of somersaults they could execute before making their fearsome arrival before the Fairy Queen.

This demon business also seems to be a family business, and the great names are the Vokes, the Leopolds, and the Lupinos.

It is certainly more arduous work than that of the "animal" actors, which is perhaps the reason why so many of its exponents take jobs in circuses or in gymnastic music-hall turns during the rest of the year.

They must do these jobs to keep fit and to "keep their eye in," for a big trap-jumping act involves as much perfect timing as trapeze acts do. If one of the "myrmidons" bungles it by a split second the whole act is ruined.

For example, in a single act occupying about two minutes in a pantomime last year Lupino Lane had to somersault out of a star trap, out again through a clock which concealed a "vamp" trap, up again through the star, out through an apparently brick wall, up through the floor again and down through a "grave" trap. "Myrmidons" were meanwhile hurling themselves about in all directions and using the same traps.

And the Walt Disney-like little pigs, too, keep secret the identities of their "inner men"

He loves it

These, the "animal" men and the "trap men" are the performers about whom the public hears least, although they live for the pantomime and are as essential to it as the principal boys and comedians whose names appear in electric lights.

What would Dick Whittington be without his cat; Mother Goose without the goose, or those helpful fairy queens without the demons to baffle and defeat?

But there is one last of the mystery men of the pantomime who deserves a line or two—mainly because he never gets it anywhere else. He is "the man who does everything."

He is on the stage from beginning to end—singing in the chorus, helping in the comedians' act or an acrobat turn, assisting the principal boy! Yet his name is never on the bills or the programmes. It is only on the salary sheet and usually well down the list.

Every pantomime has got such a man who turns up regularly and faithfully every year for his job—from heaven knows where. He seldom seems to work a show the rest of the year. He is in Panto. because he loves it.

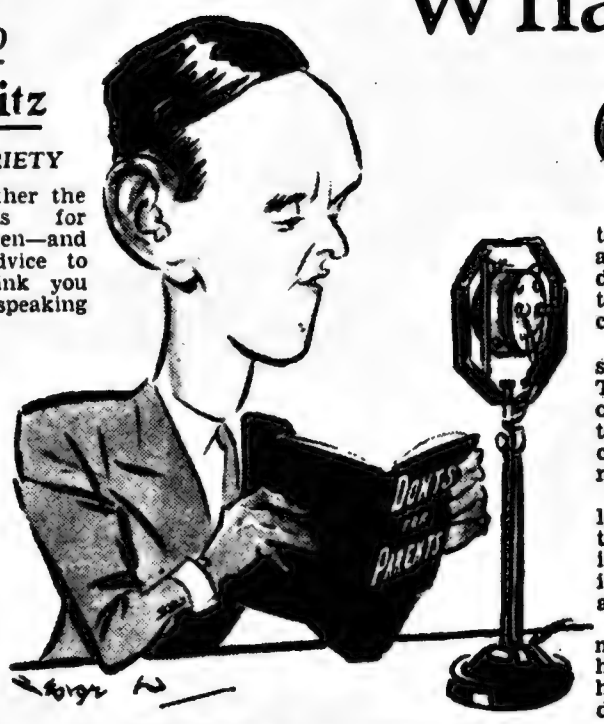
Next time you go, and *if* you can pick him out, "give him a hand."

Johnny Fuller, most famous of all cats, studies feline habits and movements all the year round. At the end of the performance—unlike many "man-animals"—he never removes his mask

JOHN BULL'S Open Letter to Eric Maschwitz

B.B.C. DIRECTOR OF VARIETY

What YOU Did OTHERS Can Do



DEAR ERIC,—It is rather the fashion nowadays for bright young men—and women—to give advice to parents, but I think you may have been speaking partly in jest when you told the Gallery First Nighters not on any account to allow their children to follow in *your* footsteps.

This particular joke, if joke it was, is a chestnut. There are two kinds of people very apt to trot it out—the Successes and the Failures. Both of them wag sorrowful heads and warn the younger generation to adopt any calling save their own.

You are a successful young man yourself. You went into broadcasting in its early days, and you have done pretty well in this still new profession.

You have arranged some fair variety programmes, even though they may sometimes lack a little in variety. In short, you took a chance and made good. So much so that you have not "swapped" broadcasting for anything else!

And yet you say to parents: "If you contemplate putting your children into broadcasting, *don't!* Put them into insurance or jobbing gardening instead."

* * *

I expected more originality from you. Doctors tell us to keep our young people out of Medicine. Barristers say: "Let them try anything bar the Bar!" Journalists implore us to steer them away from "The Street of Adventure."

Accountants declare mournfully that they are in a "no account" business. Tradesmen sniff scornfully at trade, and the miner, poor fellow, naturally says: "Don't go down the mine, laddie!"—but *he* has some reason to be lugubrious.

The fact is, Eric, that your advice goes wrong at the very beginning. Parents should not "put their children" into anything for the very good reason that boys and girls with the right stuff in them won't "stay put."

The whole trend of modern education is to enable the young to think for themselves and choose for themselves, within reasonable limits.

It may be true enough that out of all those who seek auditions only one in a hundred proves good enough to broadcast, but you would not discover any fresh talent at all if ambitious youth were afraid to face long odds.

I like to see young people game enough to attempt the seemingly impossible. They are the kind who may take a toss at the first fence, but they are quick to remount their eager dreams and are very likely to be "in the money" when they finish the course.

Don't imagine, of course, that I am sneering at the so-called "safe jobs." There is nothing contemptible in any of them unless "safety first" happens to be one's sole consideration. In that case there is little hope of rising above mediocrity.

But a keen, hard-working, intelligent lad doesn't need to tread water even in the sheltered pools of insurance, banking, the Civil Service, or jobbing gardening, for that matter. He can strike out and forge ahead.

Cynicism is a defeatist vogue. A man should take an honest pride in his work, and if he can instil a little of his own enthusiasm for it into his children's minds, so much the better.

There is much to be said for "following in father's footsteps" provided father is walking firmly towards a decent goal. If a man is convinced that his own calling is contemptible and makes no effort to escape from it, then, obviously, he cannot escape contempt.

* * *

We are on the eve of Christmas, which is essentially the day of young people. We grown-ups have taken some trouble to give them presents, but we ought to take ten times the trouble to give them futures. And courage is the greatest gift that one could wish to-day for any young folk on the threshold of their career.

Education counts for a lot because knowledge gives confidence as well as power. Parents who can afford it are usually generous in this respect.

The State, which could afford it better than most parents, is grudgingly raising the school-leaving age, and yet leaving a multitude of poor people under the practical necessity of putting their boys and girls to work—often in blind alley occupations—because they can't afford to keep them at school for an extra year.

I am convinced, my dear Eric, that, whatever you may say, you must really agree with me that successful men ought to encourage ambition rather than caution. If we have not been afraid to take risks ourselves, we ought not to be afraid to let the young ones take risks in their turn.

* * *

I see that the President of the New South Wales Chamber of Manufacturers has just been saying that Australia needs an immense number of immigrants of British stock. It is something to know that any Australian has begun to understand so obvious a fact.

But if the Commonwealth were to throw its doors wide open to our young men and women again, how many of them would accept the invitation? Certainly their numbers would be reduced if the men who have made good over there were all to chant the old dirge about trying anywhere but Australia.

Not that I expect you to invite an invasion of Broadcasting House by youthful talent, real or imagined. No; I suggest merely that you should stop saying "don't."

There is always room at the top, as you have found. And the biggest men who "arrive" are not afraid to lend a helping hand to the worth-while climbers.

Those who want to give youth a chance should encourage it to take one.

JOHN BULL.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR MR. CHAMBERLAIN,—The November trade figures, just issued, are encouraging.

For a long time our monthly exports have totalled only about £30,000,000. Now they are nearly £40,000,000.

But that is still £20,000,000 less than in an average month before the great depression, and we've still far to go to reach what you'd have us believe is already here—the state of "80 per cent. prosperity."

JOHN BULL.

Mr. BOWEN DAVIES, K.C.,
Mountain Ash Stipendiary

DEAR SIR,—I share your dislike of Jacks-in-office. A man who wished to explain a genuine mistake made when claiming the "dole" was refused an interview by the employment exchange authorities and prosecuted.

Dismissing the case, you remarked, "Public officials should be accessible to all. It is high time they were brought down from their pedestals."

You are right—it is!

JOHN BULL.

The SCHOOL MANAGERS,
Abergavenny

GENTLEMEN,—A boy of eleven is often kept from school to work. Often, too, he and his mother are without food, for the only money entering the home is that earned by this gallant lad in doing odd jobs.

I am glad you have turned down the suggestion that he should be sent to an industrial school and have done nothing more serious than to warn his mother.

But you have been told that the poor woman cannot obtain any outdoor-relief and has been offered a stay in the workhouse! If that is true it is one of the most disgraceful lapses of officialdom ever brought to my notice.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WALT DISNEY,
Hollywood

DEAR MR. DISNEY,—The latest tribute paid to you—your appointment as Chevalier of the Legion of Honour—is a reflection of the feeling not only in France but throughout the civilised world.

Perhaps it is not necessary to tell you this, for you must know how popular are your creations—Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphonies—in every quarter of the globe.

But I must tell you that if you have received no British decoration it is because we have none suitable for Public Benefactor Number One.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. L. H. BARKER, Jun.,
Coatham, Yorkshire

DEAR SIR,—I am addressing this letter to you because I find it difficult to believe that you cannot see.

Though you lost your sight in an accident years ago, you ride to hounds, judge cattle and sheep by touch, dance, manage a farm and holiday camp!

I admire not only your dexterity but your sterling courage, and the way in which you have overcome all difficulties points a moral to us all.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. E. R. MORGAN,
Archdeacon of Winchester

DEAR ARCHDEACON, — Temperance fanatics may regard you askance, but I hope you will thoroughly enjoy your new position as head of the Hospice of St. Cross. There, for 800 years, genuine wayfarers have been entitled to claim free bread and beer.

So many modern travellers now demand the ancient hospitality that the beer has been limited to two gallons daily. But I trust you will carry on the good old tradition in the right spirit.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. Powell, Westminster Magistrate: Great mistake to introduce politics into sport, you say. Yes, what we want is more sportsmanship in politics.—JOHN BULL.

The TRANSPORT BOARD,
London

DEAR SIRS,—Honesty is the best policy, and belief in the honesty of others is a good policy too.

Since Glasgow installed "conscience boxes," in which passengers can drop fares which have not been collected by conductors on public vehicles, £1,000 has been netted annually. Impressed by this, you intend fixing similar boxes on your trams and buses.

I think you will find that Southerners are as honest as the Scots.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman HARRY BAKER,
Worcester Public Assistance Committee

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—Why are you so distrustful of publicity?

You think it "deplorable" that two relief cases were brought up for discussion by the town council. Someone else talks darkly of the time when no man or woman with any self respect will serve on your committee!

Apparently he—and you—have yet to learn that the best administrators welcome investigation of all alleged grievances.

JOHN BULL.

Miss M. BONE,
Yeovil School for Girls

DEAR MADAM,—The old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," equally applies to Jill. I presume you would admit that children—to say nothing of their parents—need a little amusement in the evening.

Yet you complain that wireless and gramophones make concentration on homework impossible.

On second thoughts you may perhaps realise that you've put up yet another argument in favour of abolishing homework entirely.

JOHN BULL.

Canon L. MARTIN ANDREWS,
Stoke Climsland, Cornwall

DEAR CANON, — Though knowing nothing about farming, you and your war-time batman have wiped out local unemployment by turning your rectory garden and a few extra acres into a farm that employs thirty-five men.

On a national scale, what bigger things might be done!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. RICHARD LILLIE,
Town Clerk, Gatehouse

DEAR SIR,—Asked to "be a sport," you reply that you have been one for twenty-seven years and are tired of it.

No wonder! During that time your salary has been £40 a year. Now you are asking for £60 and extra for performing other duties, but the council is not prepared to grant your demands.

I hope your resignation will induce it to show a little sporting spirit itself.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. D. KIDDLE,
Hampton Council

DEAR SIR,—I'm sure your local volunteer brigade has been, as you say, very efficient. But I don't agree with your criticism of the fact that a professional brigade has been found necessary now that four authorities are amalgamating.

"Almost scandalous," you say. There's nothing scandalous about progress.

JOHN BULL.

Children in an adoption home—there is no easier Christmas gift to acquire!

Somebody's Baby—

BRINGS YULETIDE JOY

THIS is a story of the greatest Christmas present in the world, in which diamonds and precious metals play no part. . . . A few days ago a young husband waited expectantly at a Bayswater nursing home for news of a wife he loved and of a baby due to be born. For hours he waited and then—the door opened suddenly and they told him that his baby was dead.

The scene changes to a red-brick hostel of a child adoption society. There is that husband again, with baby hands twining round his fingers, and wide, round eyes doing their best to command his attention.

Not enough

Officials try to tell him that he is too late, that the sudden demand for babies as Christmas presents is so great that his application cannot be entertained. But somehow his appeal is too earnest to be brushed aside so lightly.

And so, on Christmas morning, this husband will carry a little white bundle to his wife's bedside, and the tiny girl who won his heart with a smile will try her wiles on the wife who was deprived of a child of her own.

"Not enough babies for Christmas presents." Yes, what the officials of that organisation told that husband is true. There are not enough of "God's own gifts" to go round.

For weeks, with the approach of Christmas, people who crave babies as they crave nothing else in life have been going to the National Children's Adoption Association and similar organisations, to learn that they are too late.

The association mentioned, which finds no difficulty in catering for a demand for eight babies a week with its treasured stock of 25 to 30 babies at one home, and 30 to 40 at another, finds itself completely submerged under a special Christmas demand for a hundred babies and more a week.

More than one

And so it appeals, through JOHN BULL, to the people who are disappointed to carry their Christmas spirit forward a little into February, and March and April, thus ensuring something more than institutional care—fine though that might be—for lovely babies who deserve the best that life has to offer.

"I want a baby to give as a Christmas present." What a strange request that appears, until you realise what type of person keeps making it.

In the first place, there is the husband similar to the one we have mentioned, who feels that Christmas is the time to put into his wife's arms a baby to replace the one she has lost. He is a rarity compared with some of the others.

Far more frequently the doctor has told some mother who has had one baby that she could not have another without grave risk to herself, and, not wishing her only child to be denied a baby brother or sister, she has sent her husband packing to adopt No. 2.

Two doctors and a prosperous farmer are among those who have applied for babies as Christmas presents in these circumstances in the last few weeks. All three were in good time to get just the babies they wanted.

And some families do not stop at adopting one baby. In many cases they have returned to the adoption homes three, and even four, times, and always there is a new Christmas baby gift waiting for them so long as they can satisfy the officials that they can find it a good home.

Sister, too

Tragic, sometimes, are the stories behind these adoptions, like that of one wife who will receive a Christmas gift baby after having ruined her health in a vain effort to have a baby of her own for the last ten years. Many times her heart has been lit up by a promise—and each time the promise has been doomed to go unfulfilled.

Another recipient set her heart on having an adopted baby as a Christmas gift ten months ago, when it seemed that she would never have a baby of her own.

To-day she knows that those fears were wrong. The doctors are certain that her own baby will be with her before long. That, you might think, is ample reason why she should drop the idea of mothering somebody else's unwanted child.

Not at all. When her baby does arrive it will have a little sister only three months its senior waiting for it.

Another case is typical of many. The woman in this instance is the wife of an Army officer. For years she served with her husband in a lonely station where medical facilities were all too poor in her opinion, and in any case where the climate was not a kindly one for a very young baby.

All through those lonely years her husband knew what was in her heart, and then, when they both returned to England and it seemed that their hopes could be fulfilled at last, it was too late.

Looks not all

Too late, that is, for the baby they had dreamed of for so many years, but not too late for the next best thing.

Yet again there is the case of a struggling doctor whose wife, an ex-nurse, is so indispensable to his practice that he cannot carry on for even a few months without her assistance; another of a lonely spinster whom the war cheated of the only mate she ever wanted, but in whom mother-love never died.

These, then, are the people who are seeking babies as presents this Christmas.

When they visit the various adoption hostels they base their choice not so much on the looks of a child as on some happy little trick it possesses. Lucky, for instance, the baby who is wise enough to smile at or clutch the hands of people who come round.

That they more often want girls than boys is a little embarrassing to the authorities, but very understandable seeing that the average woman seeking to adopt a baby really wants company, and that a girl will be bringing her baby friends home when a boy is out at play.

And always such organisations as the National Children's Adoption Society protect the prospective parents by having a blood-test made of the child and safeguard the child's welfare by insisting that as far as possible adoption will mean a leg-up for it socially.

Real test

But the real test is: Can you really love a child, and have you the sort of home that will give it a real opportunity in life?

If so, there is no easier Christmas gift to acquire than a real, laughing, living, chuckling baby!

£2-2-0 Security Gift for Every Reader

A FEW more days and 1935 will belong to history.

A whole nation will stand raptly to take stock of the past and—profiting from past experience—make resolutions for the future. Chimes will ring out on the midnight air, and a New Year will have been born.

It is a moment for such solemn thought—both about the past and the future—that we need make no explanation as to why we choose such a time to announce a matter that has a great bearing on the welfare of our readers and their families.

That announcement, which appears in full on pages 4 and 5, is a complete list of all the generous benefits of JOHN BULL's 1936 Free Family Insurance Gift which we offer to you.

The scope of those benefits are such that we know they will inspire happiness and confidence in the future in the homes of hundreds of thousands of our registered readers when midnight ushers in the New Year.

And now, if we may be permitted a moment of seasonal retrospection, we would refer to the help we have been happy to afford our readers during 1935.

Every week we have published an example of how, when Fate has dealt a hard and sometimes crushing blow at the home of a JOHN BULL reader, that home has been saved by the sure shield of protection afforded by our unique Free Family Insurance scheme.

These examples have told of fires that have gutted homes, of treasured possessions ruined by storms, floods and tempests, of wireless sets wrecked by lightning, of the depredations of burglars and housebreakers.

There have been instances of how our benefit for sickness has helped with the doctor's bill, or to provide much-needed luxuries, when a loved one has been ill for weeks, and even months; of children's accidents, accidents in the home and garden, mishaps on the sports field, or while boating or bathing.

Just one a week—and how infinitesimal a proportion this particular case is of the help we have been able to give is shown by the fact that altogether, since our Free Family Insurance Gift was offered, *we have paid out no fewer than 120,000 cheques to our registered readers*!

If any evidence is needed of JOHN BULL's friendship, and the value of that friendship to its readers, then that evidence is surely contained in those eloquent figures.

But New Year's thoughts must consist of more than retrospection. . . .

Our readers will be delighted to hear that their homes and families will still continue to be protected under JOHN BULL's unique Free Family Insurance Gift.

JOHN BULL still remains the only paper to safeguard your possessions against fire, flood, storm and tempest damage

And we have included another invaluable benefit in our wonderfully comprehensive 1936 range.

In future the benefit of a registration effected by a widow will extend also to an only son or daughter who is the breadwinner. One registration will accordingly entitle both the widow and her breadwinner to all the benefits provided.

We make that extension to help a hard-struggling type which we know needs the widest possible protection.

And now we ask you to turn to pages 4 and 5, so that you can see for yourself that what we are offering you free is protection for yourself, your home and your family that is worth at least two guineas

DO YOU WANT IT?

No one knows what 1936 has in store. It is human nature to say, "It won't happen to me!"—although some similar thought has probably been at one time or another in the mind of everyone who has ever benefited under our scheme.

Here, then, is how to make sure that our Gift is yours.

Present registered readers automatically qualify for the full scheme of benefits under our 1936 Free Family Insurance Gift, which supersede and cancel those previously in force. Do not re-register unless you have changed your address or your newsagent.

But if you have not yet registered, do so at once by filling in the forms on pages 4 and 5.

It won't take you a minute, but this small action may make all the difference between having a friend to turn to in time of need or being alone in your trouble.

Mr. QUILLIAM on the Warpath Again

FOR some time a number of international financiers, all men of a highly educated and polished type, have been imposing upon people of varying nationalities.

The men in question have brought the business of company-promoting to a fine art Not only are they concerned with capital-raising enterprises, but they have actually founded three or four so-called "banks."

Nor are their headquarters confined to England. The organisations over which they preside have agencies on the Continent also.

The present headquarters of these financiers in England are at 88, Chancery Lane, London, where business is carried on in the style of Heilbut, Symons and Co., share brokers and "merchant bankers."

Several people who have had dealings with Heilbut, Symons and Company have had good cause to complain about the manner in which the concern has treated them.

The company works in two different ways. It sets out, on the one hand, to obtain clients who believe that Heilbut, Symons and Company is in a position to raise finance for sound business ventures, while on the other it "pushes" shares in propositions of the most speculative kind.

William Quilliam, who plays a big part in running financial schemes of the type we here expose

Cheque sent

For example, it has latterly been selling shares in a company called the Cheltonia-Swastika Mines, Limited, a Canadian venture. Its shares are not quoted in any official book of reference, or on the Stock Exchange, but that apparently does not curb the ardour of its sponsors in this country.

Another concern which Heilbut, Symons and Company evidently thinks a lot of is called the Treasure Recovery, Limited, which was formed some time ago to raise capital for another of those periodic wild-goose chases to Cocos Island in search of treasure supposedly buried there. The operations of Heilbut, Symons and Company in this respect have already been commented upon in the financial Press.

One case in point is that of a provincial man who a few months ago made the acquaintance of a representative of Heilbut, Symons and Company, who told him that a big public issue was about to be made in connection with the Cheltonia-Swastika venture and that the shares, which were then available at 10s. each, would double in value

Later the visitor offered to let his friend "in," providing he made up his mind at once, at 10s. a share up to a "margin" running into four figures.

The investor did not fall for the proposition forthwith, but later communicated with the London office, and a day or so later received a letter from Heilbut, Symons and Co., which referred to their representative's conversation with him.

The purport of the communication was to the effect that on the instructions of the representative the company had reserved a block of shares in the Cheltonia-Swastika Mines, Ltd., at the 10s. rate. A cheque to complete the deal, however, must be sent by return.

The client thereupon forwarded a cheque to London, and looked daily thereafter for a report that the proposed public company had been formed. And though he has since parted with a further sum of money, the shares have not so far produced the anticipated profits, and the client has learned that the firm of Heilbut, Symons and Company has several other dissatisfied clients.

He has discovered, too, that no public issue has ever been effected, and that many of the statements made were misleading. This is not surprising when we disclose the astounding fact that this particular representative is a notorious criminal who figures in the "Rogues' Gallery" at Scotland Yard.

Indeed, just prior to his association with some of the people connected with Heilbut, Symons and Co., he had not long been released from prison in which he had served a term of penal servitude.

Thames plan

Another interesting character, we can reveal is behind the scenes where some of the destinies of Heilbut, Symons and Co. are concerned. He is a notorious financier, of international disrepute, named William Henry Billal Quilliam, who has been referred to in these columns on numerous occasions in the past.

The last time we found it necessary to denounce him was when, in the alias of a bogus £1,000,000 company called the International Trust, he obtained from a woman sweep winner a large sum of money in connection with a number of worthless "financial" schemes which included the running of motor luxury launches on the Thames and the recovery of treasure on Cocos Island. The poor woman lost everything, and had herself to go through the bankruptcy courts in consequence.

Through the medium of Heilbut, Symons and Co. and other companies with which he is connected Quilliam has lately been obtaining money from people, often foreigners, on the promise of being in a position to provide them with ready capital for business purposes. Several complaints have been made against him in this respect.

One gentleman received an intimation some time ago which suggested in the most definite terms that Heilbut, Symons and Co. carried on a business for the granting of loans to foreign clients of good standing.

He got in touch with the company and was eventually told that, provided he put up a substantial fee for the preliminary expenses, a "bank" in the Isle of Man would supply the required finance he needed to get a foreign company on its feet.

In due course this man met Quilliam, who succeeded in obtaining a substantial sum of money from him. Absolutely nothing of a tangible character has been done by Quilliam, or Heilbut, Symons and Co., and the capital he hoped to have raised for him has not been forthcoming.

Several other people, in much the same sort of way, have been relieved of varying sums by Quilliam and his friends.

In some of the latest operations of this interesting band of financiers two companies in Douglas, Isle of Man, have been mentioned as "financing houses." One is the "British Placing Bank," and the other the "British Bankers' Re-Insurance Federation."

Some clients have been given to understand that the "British Placing Bank" had money available for investment, and that the "British Bankers' Re-Insurance Federation" would, if necessary, insure clients of Heilbut, Symons and Co. against any possible loss.

Actually both the "British Placing Bank" and the "British Bankers' Re-Insurance Federation" are just two more flotations with which the indefatigable Quilliam has some connection.

Warrant in Paris

Other concerns in which the hidden hand of Quilliam has played the leading part include the Bartholomew Investment Syndicate, Ltd., the International Trust Co., Ltd., and the Marbronyx Company of the Var.

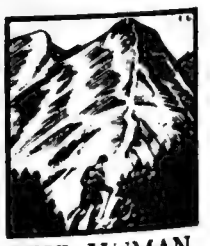
Although Quilliam goes frequently to the Continent, there is one famous city to which he is not likely to return as long as he lives unless compelled to do so by force—the Gay City of Paris. For a warrant is in existence there for him to-day in connection with an alleged financial swindle he ran in France a few years ago and concerning which, in his absence, he was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for fraud.

As a co-director in at least one of his companies referred to above he had a person described as a baron with a foreign name. Actually this person is notorious on the Continent as a "banker."

Ten years or so ago Quilliam achieved considerable notoriety in this country following the failure of a company he then controlled named the Direct Fish Supplies, Ltd., which, after a remarkable career, crashed with losses nearing half a million pounds.

This, then, in the briefest of terms, is the inner story of the real status of Mr. William Henry Billal Quilliam, who is so active to-day in putting his varied and rosy propositions before the public both in this country and abroad.

Freedom and Independence



THE HUMAN MACHINE

FREEDOM and independence are words continually on everybody's lips. We all want freedom. We all crave independence. But few people who talk about them so glibly know their real meaning—still less the only way to attain them.

Freedom does not mean the chance to do what we like without let or hindrance. If we all did exactly as we liked, without regard for anyone else, the result would be chaos and anarchy before a day had passed.

And independence? It is an illusory thing. Some try to attain it by dodging responsibilities; some by evading communal duties; some by trying to achieve a kind of "splendid isolation" of the spirit. The fact that they don't attain it by any of these means puzzles them to death.

Freedom and independence can't be found by running after them. There is no particular place where they exist. No one can take you by the hand, lead you somewhere, and say: "There are Freedom and Independence! Take them! They're yours!" It's much more difficult than that.

Freedom and independence are mental and spiritual states we must each achieve for ourselves, slowly and painfully, or not at all. They have nothing to do with money or material possessions.

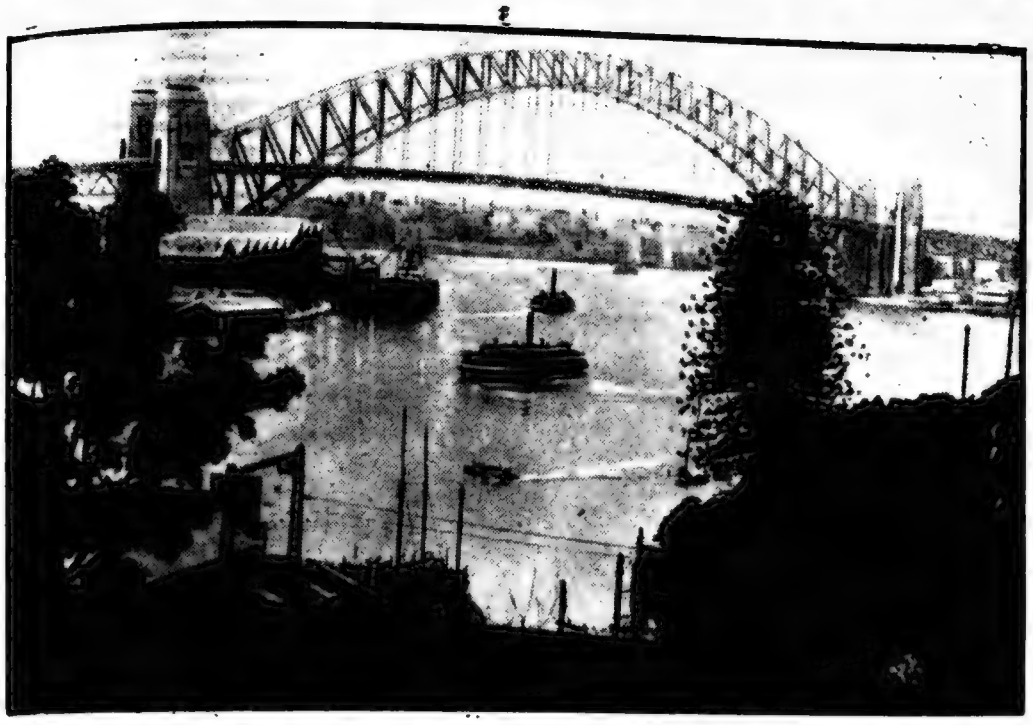
We can only achieve them by shouldering responsibilities, not by shirking them. We can attain them only by facing life fairly and squarely.

Freedom and independence only come to a man who has learned to master himself and be master of himself. They are the reward of a realisation that nobody and nothing has any power to hurt the man who has himself completely in hand, that it is impossible for anyone to throw you off your mental balance unless you allow it, to warp your judgment unless you permit it, to make you needlessly angry, to force discontent on you, to blind you to simple realities or deafen you to simple truth.

There is no other road to the heights. That is the only way, narrow and difficult though it may be.

It is more than the secret of success. It is the secret of Life.

£80,000,000 Legacy FRAUD



"Selling Brooklyn Bridge" to a "sucker" was a favourite trick of U.S. crooks; but the trickster here exposed has gone one better by "selling" great tracts of land in New Zealand, Melbourne, and Sydney Harbour, depicted above

A NAVAL officer, travelling by train from London to Anglesey a few days ago, became interested in the appearance and hand-luggage of a fellow-passenger, who was the only other occupant of the compartment and a complete stranger to him.

He observed that the man had an artificial left arm, the hand of which was kept covered by a red leather gauntlet, and that, when he removed his hat, a furrow was revealed in his iron-grey hair over the ear, caused, perhaps, by a glancing bullet or a surgical operation, which had prevented the hair from growing again on the incised skin.

A suitcase in the rack bore the initials "J. L. D."

These letters, the coloured glove and the head scar became associated in the mind of the officer with some incident which he could not recall or locate. He began a casual conversation in the hope that the stranger might say something which would stir the memory.

But the only information elicited from him gave no clue. It was merely that he was crossing from Holyhead to Ireland on a few days' business trip in connection with the release of a collection of valuable animals from quarantine.

At a later stage of the journey the man produced an unopened postal packet and while he studied some documents which he took from it, the officer could not fail to note that the envelope was addressed to "Mr. Holland Parkes," at a London hotel.

Sinister link!

The dissimilarity of that name and the initials on the luggage only increased the officer's perplexity, because he was convinced that, although he had never before met him, his fellow-traveller was a link with something sinister.

His suspicions became firmer when, in further conversation, it was made clear that the other man had no real knowledge of the quarantine regulations or even of the location of quarantine stations and that he had obviously been lying when stating the purpose of his journey.

Next day the naval officer had to return to London, and, to satisfy his curiosity, he called on the manager of the hotel which he had seen on the envelope and asked if he could be given any information regarding Mr. Holland Parkes.

It was confirmed to him, from his description, that Parkes was the man who had been with him in the train and he learned that the manager did not regret that his guest had left somewhat hurriedly.

The reason was that on a number of occasions recently, people from different parts of England, Wales and Scotland, had called at the hotel and demanded to see Mr. Parkes, and always the interviews had ended in angry scenes, often with threats of police action against him.

Invariably, said the hotel manager, the callers had come to question Mr. Parkes regarding the division of a fortune and estates in New Zealand.

Swindled of £250

Recollection came at once to the naval officer. Three months previously, while his ship was on a Pacific cruise, a sergeant of the Royal Marines had asked for shore-leave at New Zealand to call on the Wellington land registry, the Chancery Division of the High Court and the police.

On returning to the ship the sergeant had informed the officer that as a result of his enquiries, he had found that he and his wife had been swindled of £250.

They had been led to believe in England that they were part-inheritors of a vast estate in New Zealand and they parted with the money to meet legal costs, stamp duties and the like.

He had now been told by the authorities that a multitude of similar enquiries had been received from people in Britain, all of whom had been defrauded in an identical manner.

And the sergeant had stated that the name of the person who had cheated him and his wife was James Lomax Denville—the J. L. D. engraved on the luggage in the train.

There was no doubt Denville and Parkes were one and the same. The sergeant had mentioned the gauntlet and the skin-bare furrow in the hair.

Thus, from an incident that happened nearly 10,000 miles away and a chance meeting in a railway train in England three months later, it was possible to expose the deceits and robberies committed by one of the boldest impersonators and rogues.

Already scores of cases of heartless fraud by Parkes—he has changed his name a number of times—have been brought to light, involving losses of thousands of pounds to his victims in a brief period.

A pathetic aspect is that many of his dupes have been so transported into a belief that Parkes is to bring them great wealth that they refuse to believe yet that they have been imposed upon or to take such action as would bring him to justice.

Some are actually hesitating because Parkes had told them a circumstantial story that a ruthless conspiracy was in progress to prevent him distributing the dormant fortune in New Zealand to the rightful heirs in this country.

The most likely method to be used by the conspirators, he hinted, would be to spread false reports regarding him so that he might be put out of the way in prison or asylum.

Parkes has had his biggest successes in small communities and rural areas where there has been inter-marriage of families and near relationship.

Before beginning work, he will spend days in a district, and, with the help of the electoral roll and the parish registers, he gets out lists of names and family trees.

He then prepares documents purporting to show the descent of these people from three brothers and a married sister who went to New Zealand as sheep farmers from the Border country generations ago.

When he calls at the homes of his intended victims they are led to believe, of course, that the details of their family histories have been collected in New Zealand.

Parkes tells them that he is a former officer of the Royal College of Law in New Zealand.

Parchment

Having learned the whereabouts of the heirs of what he calls the Dundonald fortune during his connection with the college (a non-existent institution!), he decided, when he retired, to visit Britain and enlighten them regarding their claims and the proper method of prosecuting them.

The estate is represented as having amassed a capital value of £80,000,000 and to consist not only of a great part of the acreage of New Zealand, but of the central part of Melbourne and of the land around Sydney Harbour, which the Dundonald brothers had acquired before development began.

Parkes carries with him what is falsely exhibited as a parchment warrant of the Supreme Court setting out his supposed status and *bona fides*.

In each district, after his individual visits to their homes, he brings the members of related families into common council, pledges them to secrecy, and, having assessed their means, proposes that they should each contribute £20 or £50 to a pool to be used by him in investigating and proving their title to a share in the Dundonald millions.

The preposterous suggestion is made that the more each person contributes to the supposed legal fund the greater will be the share apportioned to him, or her, when the ultimate division comes to be made.

Parkes, after each coup, goes on to another place, where he prepares another list of names and relationships and another set of faked documents and repeats the fraud by identical methods.

From a Lancashire woman with four children he obtained £300—compensation paid to her for the death of her husband in a factory accident seven months previously.

Typist robbed

On various pretexts he also took nearly £2,000 from a widow in Cheshire, to whom he offered marriage.

He also proposed marriage to a Liverpool typist whom he robbed of all her savings, and suggested that she should first accompany him to New Zealand, to act as his secretary in the distribution of the mythical Dundonald fortune.

When Parkes returns from his supposed business journey to the Irish Free State he may again change his name or even the red gauntlet on his artificial hand.

But he will always be recognisable by those to whom he may offer to bring riches by the great scar across the side of his head.

Generous—perhaps!

WHAT can only be described as a decidedly unique offer has been made to a newsagent and confectioner in High Wycombe, Bucks, by an enterprising financier operating from Wallington in Surrey.

Similar offers have been circulated widely afield, and one other reader who has received the unsolicited communication is an accountant residing at Crosshills, near Keighley.

"In my capacity as financial comptroller with a world-famous organisation in the City of London," writes Mr O. T. Jones, of "The Newlands," Wallington, "it is my business to keep a finger on the pulse of National and International finance relating to industry."

Mr. Jones, apparently, is desirous of augmenting his own income by placing specialised information at the service of a limited number of "honest people."

He takes especial care to warn his clients most seriously "not to have anything whatever to do with so-called 'brokers' who circularise," innocently overlooking the fact that he is sending out circulars himself.

He asks that his communications should be treated as strictly private, without imparting to others the recommendations he has to make.

The qualification for this "service" is payment of a fee of 2s. 6d.

Mr. Jones is content to keep a mere 10 per cent. of the profits on his secret share transactions. Such generosity may well fill readers with amazement!

The High-Flying Dutchman

"There is no superior investment," says Mr. van Maurik. The pigs wouldn't contradict him, anyway

—With a Prince and a Pig in a Poke

"THE time has come," the Walrus said, "to talk of many things; of shoes and ships and sealing-wax, and cabbages and kings." We hardly expect to encounter such a varied assortment of conversational topics in the prosaic world of commerce to-day, yet there is in residence at Torquay, Devon, at the present time, a man who talks and writes with persuasive enthusiasm about such diverse subjects as princes and porkers in an endeavour to extract money from a gullible public.

His name, Johann Louis van Maurik, his nationality Dutch, and his address Warbro Mount, Babbacombe.

While enjoying the hospitality of this country, Mr. van Maurik is endeavouring to raise money from members of the British public for two strangely assorted projects. The first is a fund in aid of a Russian royal prince, and the second is a scheme for mass pig-farming on a kind of co-operative basis.

Curious indeed that an alien, on temporary sojourn in England, should turn his activities into two such channels, and in our view a matter for full investigation.

Queer letter

Not long ago this visitor from the Netherlands circulated through the post to a large number of people whom he considered to be of charitable disposition the following unusual letter:

"SIR, MADAM,

"Your urgent help is kindly solicited on behalf of a sixty-five-year-old Russian Prince, formerly Vice-Governor of Kurland, all of whose properties and capital were confiscated during the Revolution.

"He fought on the side of the Allies during the War, and in his day was well known as a philanthropist and as a Protector of the Jews in Russia.

"At present he is living in utmost poverty and ill-health in a miserable little room in Berlin, deprived of everything, even the necessary food and medicine.

"Germany cannot help him. Would you be willing to do so? Any gift, however small, will be heartily welcomed by:

"Prince Nicholas Kroptkin,
"c/o J. L. van Maurik, Esq., M.B.E.,
"5, Warbro Mount, Babbacombe,
"Torquay.

"If you would be prepared to help further, kindly post this letter, or some copies of it, to your friends."

Unlike the "Spanish prisoner," this particular prince of the old Russia does exist in a Berlin garret. Without question he is in extremely hard circumstances.

But why English people should be expected to support him through the instrumentality of a Dutch subject is a mystery beyond our explanation. Urgent and ever-present calls of charity are at home.

The Russian authorities in this country have no official knowledge of this prince, nor can they explain why any collection should be taken up here on his behalf.

It is not surprising, therefore, that, failing to create any great stir with his old friend the Prince, Mr. van Maurik is now agitating himself over pigs.

In this instance he now addresses himself to prospective investors with an offer of a "20 per cent. per annum Investment with Complete Security."

From the house on Warbro Mount another batch of circulars has been broadcast recently urging a wonderful opportunity for money-making.

"*Livestock Ownership*" is the heading of the van Maurik circular, from which we quote the following extracts:

"Has it occurred to you that it is possible for you to earn 20 per cent. per annum on your capital, quite irrespective as to whether you have £20 to invest or a greater sum?

"Great Britain is to a large extent dependent on foreign countries for its supply of Pork. The Import of Pork (chiefly from Denmark and Holland) amounts to as much as

"*Forty millions Pounds Sterling per annum.*

"This amount could be reduced considerably if more capital were invested in the British Pig Industry."

And so it goes on, with a great deal of specious "sales talk." Send your savings and you will get in return a payment at the rate of 20 per cent. each year—or at least the circular says so.

Any money passed to the company is devoted to the purchase of little pigs, and then, when the pigs are fattened and bigger, they are sold for pork or bacon, and capital (if asked for) and the interest are returned.

We quote again from the circular:

"There is no superior investment offering such absolute security, plus high profits. Orders are received in strict rotation. . . ." It all reads very nicely.

Really what has happened is this: Mr. van Maurik is simply acting as a commission salesman for the investment offer put out to the public by a limited company.

Facts and figures given in the circular issued above his name are simply a rehash of an advertising and investment - touting booklet published by the company concerned.

To a representative of JOHN BULL, Mr. van Maurik admitted that he personally knows nothing whatever about the project, except that he had answered an advertisement, and, as a result, had made arrangements to promote investments in the pig-rearing establishment—for which he would be paid on a small commission. In other words, this alien is inviting the British public to sink good money in a proposition of which he has no real knowledge!

The pig-farming venture has already received notice in the columns of JOHN BULL.

When this highly speculative enterprise began and first invited support from the public, we warned investors to be cautious. There seems no reason to change that view.

The possibility of a company being able to return 20 per cent. interest to its pig-owning clients, with a *certainty* of ultimate return of capital is—as any thinking person must realise—extremely debatable.

Misguided energy

And now something as to Johann Louis van Maurik, who pleads for a Russian prince and then with astonishing versatility switches off to a highly speculative pig-rearing investment.

He is in this country on a six months' term of residence granted by the Home Office, and is trying to secure an extension.

It is his hope that he may arrange British naturalisation.

Back in Holland he was a cigar merchant, who during the war rendered assistance to our Secret Service. According to his own story, he was able to transmit to England news of a new gas which the German chemists were preparing for use on the western front.

For that, and other work of a similar nature, Mr. van Maurik received the distinction of being made a Member of the Honourable Order of the British Empire in that small, honorary class which was then reserved for foreign nationals.

A man who has had an adventurous, colourful life this Mr. van Maurik, but his misguided energy on behalf of princes and pigs will scarcely add to his reputation.

There seems to be no reason why Holland—his own country—should not gain the future benefit of his touting activities.

Homely Wisdom

By *Canon R. J. Campell, D.D.*

Facing the End

ONCE more a year is drawing to a close; and though there is no reason in the nature of things for making the year end on December 31 more than on any other date, yet we cannot approach that date without thinking of the swift passing of life.

An oft-repeated saying is that the older we grow the quicker the years seem to flit by, and I think that on the whole this is true; but I was surprised recently to hear a young man say that he never felt able to catch up with time, and that when he looked back on his life he could hardly believe he had had so many birthdays. I can assure him that he will have just the same feeling if he lives to be three times as old as he is now.

But when the end of life approaches how strangely different we are in our ways of viewing it! I have just had a pathetic letter from an old friend who is afraid, not of dying, but of dying alone.

He suffers from a malady that might be fatal at any hour of the day or night, rendering him helpless to summon anyone to his side; and as he is too poor to afford anything more than the daily visit of a neighbour to tidy up for him, he fears that his encounter with the last enemy may come on when there is no human friend near to give him a handclasp and bid him farewell.

I tell him he need not be anxious. Again and again I have noticed that when the end actually comes few people are troubled by it. What they have most dreaded in connection with it dissolves away. Either it does not happen at all, or, if it does, it brings no terror with it.

One of the most notable men of our time is Sigmund Freud, the pioneer of psycho-analysis. To the deep regret of many thousands of persons who are interested in his theories, he has fallen victim to a disease from which there is small hope of ultimate recovery.

He knows this, and is quietly awaiting the inevitable. On his own testimony, he has been helped in doing so by something that in early middle life he saw of the example of a great man in a similar case.

The man was the distinguished American, Professor William James, to whom Freud happened to be paying a visit.

He and James were out walking together, when the latter stopped suddenly, handed Freud the bag he was carrying and asked him to walk on, adding that he would overtake him as soon as he had got through a painful heart-attack which was just beginning.

Freud says: "The incident made a lasting impression on me. He died of that disease a year later; and I have always wished that I might be as fearless as he was in the face of approaching death."

It is a queer thing that the ordinary man shrinks so much from the prospect of death. It is a natural feeling, especially when we are in full health and strength, however bravely we brace ourselves to master it. And yet, as Maurice Maeterlinck says, it is a far more difficult thing to cope with life than to cope with death.

It is wise to accustom ourselves to the unescapable fact that life must end for us all soon or late, and to prepare beforehand for our last hour. The best way to prepare is neither to avoid thinking about it nor to dwell upon it morbidly, but so to live that it cannot take us unawares or fill us with bitter regret.

Cheaper Motoring—

A reproduction of part of the literature issued to motorists—but petrol buyers would be wise to steer clear of the company!

A SCHEME to SHUN

—by— Sir WYNDHAM CHILDS—

INVENTORS and people who dabble in patents are natural optimists; and it is quite right and proper that they should believe in the commercial value of the devices they hope to market.

But frequently they get rather carried away by enthusiasm. They close their eyes to failures, and then their extreme optimism may become a dangerous quality, particularly when it affects investing members of the general public.

My attention has recently been drawn to an example of this unpractical optimism in regard to an invention which is designed to appeal to motorists.

The story begins in April of 1934, when a small private company was formed under the style of the Palmer Edwards Engineering Co., Ltd., to acquire from Ashley Joseph Palmer, of Manchuria Road, Clapham Common, and George William Edwards, of Broadlands Avenue, Shepperton, Middlesex, "certain rights relating to patent No. 345,729."

This patent covered an invention for a special kind of atomiser, or charge mixer, for use on internal-combustion engines. The company, which had an authorised capital of £3,000, was to carry on the manufacture and sale of the patented article.

Offices were opened in Tavistock Square, Bloomsbury, and the company began operations with its "Mormyle" charge mixer.

An advertising folder was prepared addressed to motorists. "Save and gain" was the attractive slogan of the leaflet, and car-owners were promised a saving of between 20 and 40 per cent. of petrol if they purchased "Mormyle" at a cost of 25s.

Wonderful things would happen if you fitted the mixer to a motor vehicle.

"*Immediately*"—I quote from the company's advertisement—"you fit a 'Mormyle' charge mixer you will find this difference in the running of your car—MORE MILES PER GALLON—MORE PULLING POWER IN TOP GEAR — SMOOTHER RUNNING — EASIER STARTING and GREATER ACCELERATION. It saves its cost within a few weeks and makes a four-cylinder engine run like a six."

One of many

Carrying on their sales organisation, the company appointed district representatives. But to secure such a post investment in the company by the purchase of 150 £1 preference shares was necessary.

This was the type of advertisement which the Palmer Edwards Engineering Co., Ltd., inserted in national and local newspapers from time to time:

"Marine Engineer or Officer, but not essential, capable of handling men, for a shore position. Commencing salary £208, plus commission and bonus, average £400 per annum. Successful applicants will be required to invest £150 in 7½ per cent. redeemable preference shares."

Records in the companies' department of Somerset House show that at least twelve unfortunate individuals paid over their good money to Palmer Edwards.

Here is an example of the letter sent out to applicants for employment:

"Firstly, we might mention that the whole of our controlling staff are Mercantile Marine officers, with the exception of one, who is an ex-R.A.F. pilot.

"We have only two controllers' positions open, one for Northern Ireland and the other for South Wales, and the duty of the controller is to handle twenty-five salesmen (which number will be readily increased in the next six months).

"The salesmen are appointed in the first instance by ourselves, and our Mr. Edwards, the managing director, will be with you on your ground for the first two weeks if necessary.

"The controller receives a salary of £4 per week, plus riding commission and bonus, making a minimum total earnings of not less than £8 2s. 6d. each week, and this will continually rise as time goes on. We might mention that the position is a permanent one."

Branches of the company were said to exist at Glasgow, Belfast, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Ealing, Plymouth, Salisbury and Brighton.

Investors in the company included master mariners, two sales managers, a retired harbour master, marine engineers, and a wharfinger.

Whether the "Mormyle" charge mixer was really of any value I cannot say. It is, of course, just one of many similar appliances which can be readily purchased.

But from the file before me I find that the company gave a guarantee that if the mixer were not satisfactory it would refund the purchase price.

Over a period of seven months the Palmer Edwards Engineering Co., Ltd., secured £1,800 from outside investors, through advertisements.

By the early part of this year the company was in serious difficulties. A tangle of liabilities had accumulated, and in March it was decided to wind up the affair. The liquidator, a London chartered accountant, is still dealing with the failure. Very little, I understand, will be available for the creditors when the whole sorry business is completed.

Employee-investors lost every penny of the money they had entrusted to the company. In several instances the investments represented the savings of years. Yet three months after this crash a new private company was registered, and named Mormyle, Ltd.; established to carry on the business of manufacturers and dealers in atomisers and petrol chargers with a capital of £1,500.

The same lines

Exactly the same literature as was used previously by the Palmer Edwards Engineering Co., Ltd., is now issued by Mormyle, Ltd. A slip of paper—with the new name Mormyle, Ltd., 115, Shaftesbury Avenue, London—has been stuck across the old name Palmer Edwards Engineering Co., Ltd., 11, Tavistock Square, London. There has not been even a reprint of the leaflets.

What is worse, Mormyle, Ltd., has been advertising for investors on much the same lines as those exploited by the Palmer Edwards Engineering Co., Ltd.

None of the old directors or shareholders is being associated with Mormyle, but the secretary of the old company is also acting in a similar capacity for the new.

It is difficult to understand how the new company can hope to succeed where the old one failed.

Already Mormyle, Ltd., has sold hundreds of pounds' worth of shares to investors and is still attempting to unload its stock.

Investigations by members of my staff satisfy me that it is following the same course which plunged the first concern to disaster. And this fact alone should move intending investors to proceed with caution.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

HEADS AND TAILS

"YOU are old, Brother William,"
the infant said,
"You're twenty if you are a day!
No wonder you've grown somewhat weak in the head
And show signs of senile decay!"

"In my youth," Brother William with sadness replied,
"I owned what would pass for a brain;
But now, I regret, it just can't be denied
That my intellect's well on the wane!"

"You are old, Brother William, and that is the fact!"
The infant announced. "As a lad
You were smart, but for years you've intelligence lacked;
It makes me terribly sad!

"But, sooner or later, O brother of mine,
We must all of us go the same way;
For at fifteen the intellect starts to decline,
So our learned psychologists say!"

The habit our learned psychologists have acquired of making common-sense look like warmed-up imbecility is putting a severe strain upon newspaper readers.

If a pub oracle announced that the human intellect is at its best at fifteen and that soon after there are definite signs of deterioration, his more charitable hearers would decide that some foreign matter must have found its way into the beer.

But when a "psychologist" reels off such patter, a medical journal like the *Lancet* treats it with the respect that an Italian editor, with one eye on the castor-oil bottle, accords Mussolini's lightest hiccup.

D. Wechsler, chief psychologist of the psychiatric division of the Bellevue Hospital, New York, and the author of this particular tarradiddle, states that he reached his profound conclusions by means of intelligence tests inflicted upon 15,000 officers of the U.S. army and a vast number of the civil population; though whether they will still be civil now they know the result remains to be seen.

Just when one school of medical thought has been telling us that the "too old at forty" theory is all Thomasrot, it is disconcerting to be informed by a representative of a rival school that at thirty we are fit for nothing more intellectual than grinning through a horse's collar.

Although some of us have for long suspected that a bald head and an enlarged waistline are not infallible signs of wisdom, it is not easy to believe in the developed intellect of a sixteen-year-old office boy who has never been known to use his head for anything except to part his hair on.

Apparently, however, we must now readjust our views, providing Old Age Pensions for dotards of twenty-five, and placing, not youth, but infancy at the helm.

The youngest generation's due
To show it knows a thing or two,
And drastic changes, not a few,
Must shortly be expected.
When fifteen-year-old Labs. and Libs.,
And hardened Tories wearing bibs
Reveal their skill at telling fibs,
And are M.P.s elected!

And when the Superman appears,
He'll be a sage of fifteen years
Who hasn't washed behind the ears,
But is with wisdom seething!
And on our plaudits he will thrive
Until a greater shall arrive—
A Solomon personified
Who hasn't finished teething!

The DAY WE ARE

"ON this great day we
kind to each oth
mas

—And Every

by George L

CHRISTMAS is here again. The years pass so quickly that we find ourselves no sooner out of one festive season before we are into another. The longer we live the swifter time flies.

When we are young we long for holidays to come round, especially Christmas. As the years pass, we understand that time, like an ever-rolling stream, bears us along toward the unknown almost imperceptibly. The fact is, years become weeks and weeks become moments for us elders, compared with our youthful reckoning of time.

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Now another Christmas is here we shall, as usual, make the best and most of it. The old wicked, mean, miserable Scrooge is dead, never to be resurrected. Long live the reformed converted Scrooge; may his shadow and those of his followers never grow less.

Especially this Christmas, let us as best we can drive dull care from our thoughts and actions, and each do our utmost to share with relations, friends and neighbours whatever we are able to contribute to the comfort, peace and joy of our great Festival.

Somehow there is more of that intangible something abroad on Christmas morning which seems to change our faces. We meet each other, whether friends or acquaintances, with a smiling face, as if to do otherwise would be a blasphemy and crime against the spirit of Christmas.

***

Of course, every one now knows that a sunny, smiling face is worth much more than all the sermons ever preached or medicine ever swallowed. You cannot be quite so miserable whatever your condition if everywhere you look you catch sight of a cheerful face. This is especially true of hospitals and sickrooms. I have experienced this, so I know.

In saying this I am mindful of the fact that the true spirit of love and friendship is mainly expressed unconsciously. We cannot organise love, because loving each other is something spontaneous, and finds expression in small and big deeds which no amount of thinking about would ever get done.

The greatest thing in the world is love : when everything else fails, this gift which comes straight from God is the one solvent for all the ills from which we suffer.

***

We are told that one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin. Of course, that is true, as all who live among the masses understand. So also it is true that the quality of friendship is never strained. You cannot overspend the gift of love, so true is it "What I gain I lose, what I give I gain." The gain comes not in material wealth, but in the one great satisfying thought that in giving yourself or your service you have done what you could.

Try it out this Christmas-tide. You can all find someone more lame and hindered in the battle of life than yourself. Share something of your good cheer, your happiness.

You may not be thanked, even in words. What matters is that you will have given yourself the right to feel you are one of the band of givers in the world—givers who ask for nothing in return, and remain happy because it is their privilege to share.

We must cast our bread of friendship and love on the waters of life, confident and sure that somewhere, sometime, the harvest will be reaped.

None of us, certainly not myself, will ever be as good and decent as we ought to be. All of us like to be thought well of: our great difficulty is that while we find it relatively easy to be *Christians on one day of the year*, we find ourselves failing rather miserably the remainder of the time.

In spite of what we do or do not believe, all of us on Christmas Day will do our best to act as Christians, which is proof positive that we are capable of practising the Christian religion all the year round.

What is possible on December 25 is possible on every day of every year.

***

The coming of Jesus brought to the world a conception of human life which other teachers who preceded Him had already taught to individual nations. Moses, Buddha, Confucius, taught people to love God through the service and love of each other.

The Founder of our faith teaches us the oneness of all peoples. There is no superior race: no people chosen to rule and dominate; no class superiority or inferiority.

But I will not enter into a theological argument. My purpose is to claim that on this great day we all strive, irrespective of creed or no creed, to be more loving and kind to each other

It is a very wonderful thought that right round the world, north, south, east and west, in small and large groups, men, women and children will sing the same old carols and songs as have been sung for centuries.

***

Everywhere the thoughts of Christmas will turn to the Manger Shrine, the Shepherds in the fields of Bethlehem, the Wise Men and their gifts for the Child who was to be the Messiah; and to the story of the angel choir.

Few, if any, will trouble to think whether these things actually happened in the way we are told. What we shall be quite sure about is that the Baby born that day did bring a message to mankind which, when accepted in all its fulness, will revolutionise human relationships.

This for me has always been the central fact of whatever religious belief I possess. I know I am capable of better thoughts, and actions, and find myself hindered and prevented from living as I should because my brothers and sisters all over Christendom will not join in helping to roll away the stumbling blocks of those man-made laws and customs which will not permit you and me to live except as part of a miserable, soul-destroying system of competition for bread.

If you would find our true human nature, read and think over the heroic epic stories of shipwrecks, of disasters on land; stories which tell of courage, devotion and service spontaneously given on behalf of others.

Or go into a sick room, into a hospital, into a slum, and you will find fine men and women of all classes—labourers, nurses, surgeons—giving the last ounce of knowledge, strength and love in patient-enduring effort to ease pain and save life itself.

While I write war is raging in China. In Egypt, India and parts of Europe there is continual strife and violence.

Italy, in pursuit of the mirage of imperialism, is breaking herself morally and materially amid the terrible swamps and rocks of Abyssinia.

In the name of civilisation every mechanical method of foul, bestial slaughter is being used against fellow-Christians, who, on Christmas Day, will join in worshipping the same God and Saviour.

These terrible betrayals of Christ must not be allowed to weaken our faith in the truth of the Christmas message which He came to give.

At long last even statesmen and orthodox leaders of religion are uniting in telling us that war is a futile, bestial, costly crime; that no nation is victor; all are losers, and that when war ends the seed of more and more devastating war is left behind.

During the past century great progress has been made by science and invention in the realm of production and distribution. Also we now know, as never before, how to combat disease. We take as our slogan "Prevention is better than cure."

During the same period mankind

ALL CHRISTIANS . .

...y we strive to be more loving and ...oth... George Lansbury at a Christ... ...as ...y for children

Why Not ...y Day !

...nsbury, M.P.

has brought to perfection the most devilish methods of human slaughter, destruction and starvation ever known.

Some inventions, in the possession of our own and other Governments, are so hellish they dare not give them publicity.

A new power, however, is being brought into action. The League of Nations, which came into existence at the close of the Great War, was created to institute the rule of law and general disarmament. No one denies that much valuable discussion has taken place. Thousands of reports and volumes of statistics have been published. But up to the present neither law nor disarmament has been accepted by the League.

The League is indeed weakened by powerful defections from its ranks, and finds itself powerless to prevent wars, and is earnestly trying, by blockade, to stop one war in Africa, while leaving the war between Japan and China to take its course.

We shall never get peace in the world by war, nor indeed by brute force of any kind. Economic Sanctions can become as brutal and cruel in their effect on women and children as a bombardment or ordinary siege.

There is no disguising this. Just as we cannot get rid of disease until doctors and research students find the causes, so also in our relationships with each other and between nations we will never get rid of class war or war between nations until we are able to diagnose causes and remove them.

We fail all the year round to live as Christians because our lives are based on the exploded theory that competition is the law of human progress.

This is untrue. Every real step forward in the life of humanity is due entirely to mutual effort. The greatest inventor or genius mankind has ever produced could never have accomplished anything permanent without the co-operation and assistance of his fellow-men. We fail entirely in our understanding of life unless we realise that from start to finish we are co-operators in the work of providing for each other's needs.

Go into any mine, field, factory, warehouse, railway, dockyard, ship or office, and look at the hives of industry organised on lines of co-operation. All, maybe, are competing for positions above each other, but each is part of a great co-operative organism for producing goods.

The trouble begins when the processes have ended. The mighty armies which have co-operated to bring into existence an ever-increasing abundance, often find themselves denied the pleasure of sharing in the use and consumption of their produce. Salaries, wages, allowances are not sufficient to enable the goods and services to be shared fully by those who provide them.

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It is in the ownership, the control of all this vast complex organisation where the class war is to be found. We are all in the struggle : we all strive to get out of it. But none of us ever do get out of this whirlpool of strife.

Make no mistake, there is no escape for any of us. We either get our food, clothing, shelter by ourselves engaging in daily toil of labour or business, or someone else must endure the struggle for us.

We must use our own intelligence and strive to understand how mankind has reached its present position. Most of all, though, we must clear our minds of the notion that religion is nothing to do with the business of life.

I know we cannot live without material needs being supplied. I also know that my spiritual existence among men assumes my physical body.

But one thing is clear, seeking my own good without reference to the good of my neighbours, gives me neither security nor peace.

***

You and I acknowledge and accept co-operation in the sphere of what is known as social services. None of us would repudiate or vote for the abandonment of our health, sanitary, educational or protective services. These are accepted as necessary.

And those who act as our servants in public service, taken as a whole, are better paid and more secure than the servants of private corporations and individuals. We recognise the social value of their services.

Surely it is possible for us to understand that, having come so far along the road towards co-operative service, it is not against the dictates of human nature to claim that we can now go further, and by establishing social ownership and control of the means of life in all major industries, we can organise these in such a manner that the greater our power of production, the better life there shall be for all.

The same reasoning applies to war. There may be monsters of cruelty and ambition in the world. I know personally many of those who were responsible for allowing the hideous barbarities, on both sides, which followed the introduction of the "Black and Tans" into Ireland. I know—my colleagues and myself, who, to say the least, acquiesced in bombing expeditions against certain peoples in India and the Middle East.

If others belonging to other nations are barbarians, so also are we. I could explain to myself and others why these cruelties took place, but never can I or anyone else justify them in the light of the teaching of Christmas.

***

I am no pessimist. I do see and understand all the terrible implications of the armaments race which is in full swing throughout the world. But we must with one accord refuse to accept the theory which tells us war is inevitable; if, indeed, we join together in a determined effort to preserve civilisation, then saved it will be.

We must, however, be up and doing. There is no time to lose. In many places, through sheer fear, the dogs of war are straining at the leash. We must call for a great effort.

Our Government must be urged to unite with all other Governments in calling an international conference, representative of all peoples, of all creeds and colour ; and our great nation, because we profess the name of Christians, must fling out a challenge of peace and co-operation.

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We who control by force some four hundred millions of people, and hold a third or more of the world under our sway, must tell all people that imperialism and all its horrors of spoliation and war is now rejected by us; that we, together with Russia, Scandinavia, and all the other nations who will join with us, renounce once and for all our war-won rights to rule subject peoples.

Also that we have discovered imperialism brings us neither true wealth, peace nor security, and that we desire in future to base our relationships with other nations on the sure and certain basis on which peace and security can rest—and that is International Co-operation.

This is no idle dream. It is the only realist policy before the world. Fifty nations unite and organise a blockade against Italy, a very difficult, terrible weapon in the hands of so powerful a combination. Cannot you understand that, given the will among statesmen, we could just as easily organise to share God's good gifts?

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This then is my message to you . . .

May you all enjoy a really Happy Christmas of sharing and joy. May your lives in the future be spent earning your bread, caring for your loved ones.

May you also all be soldiers in the army of humanity, struggling together to bring the day nearer when the fine, generous, life-giving spirit of Christmas will rule our lives from one year's end to the other.

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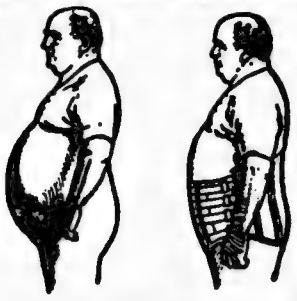
A Perfect Support for RUPTURE, OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, HERNIA.



Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.
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Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of JOHN BULL.

The Yuletide adventure here recounted began as a practical joke but ended with three terrified youngsters fleeing madly from the unknown.

GHOST of

IF you were to see Round Hill as it is to-day you would find it hard to believe that human imagination could ever be lurid enough to invest it with a ghost.

Standing four miles north of Leicester on what is still known as the Melton turnpike, it has an A.A. box and a very vigilant road scout for ever on its summit.

Then the turnpike has become a wide and busy arterial road. Furthermore, the lights of Leicester have reached out to embrace it.

Add to that the fact that trim red-brick houses have clustered round it as if clinging to its skirts, and—well, you might just as well look for occult experience in the heart of Piccadilly Circus as there.

But I write of Round Hill as it was just before the war.

Then it was a baldish-looking eminence with all the loneliness of the Yorkshire moors and a sort of permanent leer under the polished pate that suggested its name.

In those days, if the wind did but stir a leaf in the neighbouring villages of Syston or Thurmaston it chanted blood-curdling dirges over Round Hill. Its turnpike knew no lights o' night, so that when you saw the line of its bald summit at all it was against the sky, which gave it a particularly eerie look.

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SOMETIMES leaves stirred across it ominously. A finger-post perched at the very top came with unaccountable suddenness into the line of vision of anyone who had missed his last train and was trudging home from Leicester through the night, a fact of which it was well to keep yourself reminded as you mounted the winding road.

Altogether it was the sort of setting you would choose if you wanted to stage a fake ghost for somebody's discomfiture—which brings me direct to the point of my story.

For at the time of which I write, that is exactly what I wanted to do.

I have said that it was just before the war. Also it was a Christmas Eve, a snowy, blowy Christmas Eve, a Christmas card Christmas Eve. Snow and wind had reached a whispering bargain to blot out the landscape, and the drifts piled up on the doorsteps showed they were certainly doing their best.

And yet another bargain was made that night, to which I was a party. To raise a ghost—and where better than on Round Hill?

Now, I was a youth of fifteen who had just gone to live in the district, and I was being visited by two cousins from London whom I shall call Bill and Jeff.

Bill was much the same type of youth as myself—confident almost to the point of cocksureness, matter of fact, and little given to fear of the dark, belief in ghosts or any degree of tolerance for things occult.

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JEFF, however, was made in a different mould. Such subjects as always fascinate the over-sensitive boy—second-sight, mesmerism and the like—were good red meat to him.

He was fair game for the creepy-crawly story, at the bare recital of which his eyes would be expanded by all-believing astonishment almost into the semblance of portholes.

Imagine the three of us, then, free to stay up until midnight "for the carol singers," and standing under a railway arch that might have been carved out of solid snow, to decide what we should do with this, our new-won liberty.

Jeff was for going home and spending Christmas Eve by the fireside. The wail of the wind was playing havoc with his delicately balanced nerves.

Bill? "Let's roll the biggest snowball ever and take it right up to the vicarage gate," was his suggestion, made as the snow piled high on his feet.

My idea was for Bill's frozen ears only. What about telling Jeff a cock-and-bull story about a murder and a ghost that haunted Round Hill at midnight, getting him to go there with us to investigate, and then, when the church clock struck midnight, setting up such a howl as would send him running back to the village in frenzy?

No need to detail all the tricks we had to try to get Jeff to agree. A dozen times he said "No," and just as often we put forward reasons why he should come.

And all the time we were walking towards Round Hill, so that soon there was as much lonely road behind us as ahead of us. Then, it only needed an invitation to Jeff to go back home unaccompanied if he liked to ensure that he fell in beside us.

Shall I ever forget that walk?

Once a rotten branch, white with snow, went tumbling and tossing across our path. It left an impression that ghastly fingers were pointing at us from the ghostly hedgerows.

We passed the house of that writer of thrillers, Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim. It seemed to me that every villain who ever dripped slimily from his pen was lying in wait among the white-draped evergreens of "Kirby Lodge," as his house was called.

Half-heartedly we recited the story we had faked, of a Christmas Eve murder round about the year 1885, since when a ghost had appeared promptly on the first stroke of midnight every Christmas Eve.

Bill and I were supposed to be cynical of this ghost stuff. Yet watch the hair rise on our collars at our own ghost talk. . . .

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SYSTON church clock struck 11.30. The bell seemed a booming warning in my ear. Add to that the fact that the wind was rising to a crescendo of maniacal laughter, and—well, the wonder is that even I and my fellow-conspirator found courage enough to trudge on, let alone our fear-frozen victim.

At the bottom of the hill we paused. "Let's go back," chattered Jeff from frozen lips. "I'm scared to death."

Scared! Heaven, what Bill and I would have given from the cold pennies in our overcoat pockets if we could have been allowed to go back home without losing caste!

But there was nothing for it now but to climb the hill, and up we went.

Once, as a snow-stiffened sheet of paper blew across our path, Bill squealed

JOHN BULL READERS' STORIES—No. 156

"Boom! As the cold note echoed over the frozen fields, I looked at Bill. He was too terrified to speak"

Round Hill

He was too terrified to speak, let alone howl. Helplessly he looked at me.

And from a hundred yards down the road *did* come a howl, the howl that Bill and I dare not—could not—make.

At this point there must be a gap in these chronicles. I cannot describe what happened in the next few minutes. Nor have my companions been able to ever since.

Obviously we just ran and ran and kept on running, our minds paralysed and unable to function.

Often I have thought back to that awful hour, and my first memory of it was, and is, of Bill racing a few yards ahead of me, choking with fear and exertion, of myself panting along behind with icy hands gripping my heart, and of Jeff moaning unintelligible phrases as he made up the rear.

Hideous faces loomed out of every hedgerow. Hands clutched at us at we passed, missing us each time by the thickness of a visiting card.

And always came mocking laughter that roared gutturally in the ditches and soared to its highest and most hysterical notes on the bosom of the shrieking, fluting wind.

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I TRIPPED and tore my knee. How can one tear one's knee in snow? Yet it *was* torn. There was the blood on my hand.

Then a hand pressed itself into my face, a cold hand, forcing me backwards to detain me. Can a drift of snow carried by the wind produce such a feeling?

The church bells jangled mockingly. Have those bells ever torn themselves away from the hands or mechanism that ring them? I ask it seeking corroboration.

A white figure danced round us. The ghost of somebody murdered on Round Hill round about 1885? Well, we had faked that murder story, Bill and I. Yet this creature of our imagination was pursuing us as we had intended it should pursue Jeff. . . .

And ever and always came that howl, the howl that Bill and I had planned but which certainly didn't come from our lips. Always a hundred yards behind us, as it was on the summit of Round Hill when the church clock sounded midnight.

We were running over the most famous hunting country in the world. No fox that has died at the fangs of the hounds has known such awful fear as ours.

But at last the chase ended—ended at a lantern that was swinging on the end of a pole. We saw the light of it, and tumbled into a heap. For my part I just fainted.

I awoke to find myself supported by the carol singers. They peered into my face by the light of the lantern they carried, the swinging lamp that had been our goal as we ran.

"What's happened?" I whispered. And they just said: "You're all right. Keep your head. You're all right . . . all right . . . all right."

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THE "all rights" faded away until I was oblivious once more to all that happened around me. I was unconscious again.

And so I remained until I awoke in a warm, fire-lit room. I can only suppose that the carol singers bore me away over the snow.

I had awakened in the warm parlour of a public-house.

Looking round, I saw Bill—brave comrade of my great adventure!—rocking backwards and forwards in a chair, still too horror-stricken to speak.

And there was Jeff, too, considerably more composed than either of us, telling the whole awful story.

"Oh, it was a ghost all right, if ever there was one," he said. "I saw it there in front of me, all dressed up in white, the ghost of the man who was murdered there in 1885."

I waited for the denials that I felt sure would come from all parts of the room of our murder story that was never meant to be more than a fiction.

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INSTEAD——

"Ah, that murder would be before 1885," said a man. "I well remember my old father telling the tale. Coming back from Leicester in a trap, the victim was. He was killed at midnight right at the top of Round Hill."

"Yes, it would be before 1885," came the husky corroboration. "Why, he'd only be a ghost in 1885, appearing at the top of the hill at midnight all dressed up in white, as he has done ever since."

"And howling at the top of his voice when the clock chimed midnight," said a third voice. "I thought everybody in these parts had heard of that spook."

So the laugh was on us, after all! What we had started, unthinkingly, as a practical joke to scare a chum, had ended with us all running in panic from something that had never entered into our wildest imaginings.

No doubt there was a logical explanation for the sounds which had occasioned our flight, but we never sought to find it. We had no desire to enlarge our acquaintance with the "Ghost of Round Hill!"

out a loud "Oo—er!" I imagined it was just a piece of play-acting, intended to produce that horror in Jeff's breast that we had intended when we started our adventure.

Then something ran across our feet, something black and living. I clutched Bill by the shoulders and shivered from crown to heel. And Bill thought I was just playing my part.

And so, as the church clock groaned out the quarter, we reached the summit.

Unforgettable those fifteen minutes of waiting.

The wind has every intonation of blood-curdling horror in his voice, and that night he tried them all. The snow has the gift of ten thousand impersonations, all of them of the most frightening sort, and in the space of fifteen minutes it went through its whole repertoire.

Bill and I had agreed to let out a loud howl as the clock struck midnight. When there couldn't have been more than two or three minutes to go we were both stricken dumb. Howling was a lost art as far as we were concerned.

And so we awaited the chimes feeling that there mightn't be a howl after all—that the whole joke was over and never should have been attempted.

A shriek from the wind, a scurry of leaves and bracken, a spurt of dry snow from a neighbouring ditch, and Syston church bell cleared its throat brazenly.

Boom . . . !

As the first cold note echoed over the frozen fields I looked at Bill.

The Greatest of These . . .

ENDING the YEAR

THE most satisfactory way in which to end this year of grace, 1935, is by helping a lame dog over a stile, and five-year-old Margaret's father is as lame as he can be.

"I am an ex-Service man," he states. "I joined pre-war in 1908, and was in China when war broke out. After hostilities there I was sent to the Dardanelles, where after some months of fighting, I contracted dysentery, Bright's disease and rheumatism from which I nearly lost my life. I was sent home to England, patched up and sent to France until the end of the war.

"I never recovered from my illness, and for years struggled to work, until three years ago I finally collapsed in a fit, as I was underfed and worried with neurasthenia.

"I have not done any work since, but struggled through with the money from the Relief.

"My wife suffers from Graves disease, and one of my children with nerves and rheumatism, and another has been in hospital with septic tonsils.

"Last winter we had illness all through the bad months, and hardly knew which way to turn and pay our way. I have pawned several things this last week to get a little extra for my wife, who is ill in bed. Her complaint affects the heart and she has to rest.

"I shall be grateful if you can do anything for us, as it would relieve us both of a deal of mental worry. I cannot find employment as they say I am not strong enough, and I do not get a pension."

Margaret is the youngest of his four children. The eldest, aged fourteen, cannot work owing to ill health. Their father bears a very good character.

Donations earmarked "Margaret," or intended for the general fund, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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4 inches off WAIST
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6 inches off HIPS

When you pick up a Fashion paper and read that waists will be smaller, that skirts will be slimmer and tighter, what does it mean to you?

If you have allowed your figure to spread, it means a tight tethering with corsets, a compression of bulges here and bulges there; it means you are faced with a seam-bursting problem— unless, of course, you take steps to reduce your girth.

How about 4 inches off your waistband to begin with? Then, say, 5 inches off your bust? And would 6 inches off your hips be welcome? Read this letter:—

"My husband had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some years when he first bought your wonderful Kruschen, and I, being inquisitive, noticed it was good for reducing fat also, so we both took the regular morning dose. In four months I have lost 16 pounds of fat without altering my diet in any way, except for sugar in my tea. I must say I feel much fitter and more active now, and can get up better in the morning. Being a short person, I looked as broad as I was tall before, and am very pleased with the result."

BEFORE.	*AFTER.*
Bust .....38*in.*	*Bust* .....33*in.*
Waist .....30*in.*	*Waist* .....26*in.*
Hips .....42*in.*	*Hips* .....36*in.*
Weight 10 *stone* 1 *lb.*	*Weight* 8 *stone* 13 *lbs.*

Mrs. M. B., London, N.1.

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For the Stomach

HUMAN DOCUMENTS BY

PHILIP INMAN

Many superstitions are harmless, but there are some which instil a dread of the future, and unless ended as soon as possible can be injurious to health

That Dangerous Superstition

I SUPPOSE the vast majority of people have a pet superstition. We "touch wood," or refuse to look at a new moon through glass, or throw a pinch of salt over our shoulder; while in the Strand the other day, I saw a procession of folk step out on to the dangerous road rather than walk under a ladder.

Now, there is very little harm in any of these things. But there are other superstitions that can be definitely injurious.

"Do you believe in the omen of the Death Watch beetle?" asks one of my readers. He goes on to say:—

In 1919 I was sitting at home in the same house where I live now and I heard a sound like the ticking of a watch. I asked my mother if she could hear it, but she said she could not. Three weeks afterwards she was taken seriously ill and just before she died she reminded me of that ticking sound, and she said it was the warning of her death.

About five weeks ago I heard the same noise again, and last Sunday afternoon it became much louder and sounded just like a clock.

Can you tell me anything about this Death Watch beetle and whether it is meant to be a warning? I beg of you not to keep anything back, as we all have to face death, and I would far sooner know the worst.

I promise my correspondent that I will "keep nothing back." And I hope what I have to say will set his mind at rest. The Death Watch beetle is a small insect which works its way into a certain kind of wood, usually of a very hard type. And the ticking noise is made by its little horns as it moves along.

Many of our old buildings have been attacked by it, while only a short while ago Westminster Hall was in danger because for years this small insect had made its home in the oak beams and had gradually rotted them.

But where, then, does it get its name of "*Death* Watch"? The answer is—from an experience similar to that of my correspondent. Legend has it that a king died in his palace soon after this insect had been at work. And that gave it its name.

* * *

BUT there are houses where it has been heard and nothing untoward has happened, just as there are thousands of homes where death comes without any presage from this beetle.

The fact that my correspondent lost his mother shortly afterwards is just pure coincidence. And I advise him to banish it from his mind. If he has any more trouble he should treat his woodwork with creosote. I think that will put an end to this pest as well as to his fears.

And here is another correspondent whose life has been made a misery by the fear of what is in store for her. This woman writes:—

I am broken-hearted and feel I cannot carry on with my household duties. Some years ago a woman read my hand, telling me that I would marry and have two children. She also said that when I was thirty years old I would die. I have a little girl aged four years and a baby boy of four months.

I was thirty last June, and I have been worried ever since thinking what would happen if I should die and have to leave my husband and the two precious gifts God has given to us. My nerves are in a very bad state thinking about it all. Please will you tell me if there is any truth in hand reading, and enlighten me as you have so many others.

"Is there any truth in hand reading?" asks my correspondent. I think there may be. But it is not so simple as some people would make out. Like other mystic things, palmistry requires long and careful study before its secrets can be discovered. I am perfectly sure that it is pure guesswork on the part of most of those who profess to practise it.

I will go further. Many of them are nothing but frauds, for they profess to tell the future when they are not competent to do so.

The day I received this particular letter I opened a bazaar, and as I walked through the rooms I saw a long queue waiting to consult the palmist. During tea I asked three people to tell me their experiences. One woman was very impressed, but the other two were definitely sceptical.

One of them said, "She told two lies in six words. She said I was married with three children. I only wish it were true."

I commend these things to the notice of my correspondent. I want her to realise that palmists, like everybody else, make mistakes. And I urge her to dismiss from her mind anything harmful that she was told. She ought to be the happiest of women, with a good husband, a comfortable home and two healthy children.

If she wants further assurance, then I suggest she should go to see her doctor and ask him to give her a thorough overhaul. At the same time, he may prescribe a course of treatment that will build up those frayed nerves created by her needless fears.

* * *

MY next correspondent starts his letter with these words: "My dad used to say that women were funny creatures, and he was right." He then explains:—

I have been married for seven years, and, owing to the house shortage, we have never had a home of our own, but have had to live in rooms. We have two kiddies, a boy of five and a little girl of two. And my missus has nagged my life out to get a house with a garden where they could play.

A week ago I heard of the very place. It is a little cottage about a mile and a half from the town and right out in the country. At first the wife was nearly mad with excitement, but somebody told her the place was haunted, and now she doesn't want to go. She says that when I have to work late and she is left all alone with the children she will be scared out of her life.

These chances don't come very often. We have waited seven years for this one, and I should therefore like you to knock a bit of sense into her head.

* * *

I AM afraid my reply will not please my correspondent. It may seem silly for his wife to turn down what sounds to him a golden opportunity, but if she is of a nervous temperament life in that country cottage may be a ghastly nightmare.

Especially will this be so if, as I imagine, there are no other houses near by where she could find companionship in time of need.

When she is alone at night every sound will be magnified out of all proportion.

She will recall what she was told about it being haunted, and it may lead to her becoming a nervous wreck.

To have a wife in that condition is a painful experience, as many of my readers know.

What I have said may disappoint my correspondent. But it is wiser to hesitate now than to regret it when the damage is done. They have already waited seven years for a home. Far better wait a little longer in order to get the right place.

After all, a home means much more to a woman than to a man. It is only fair that she should have her say as to where it should be.

* * *

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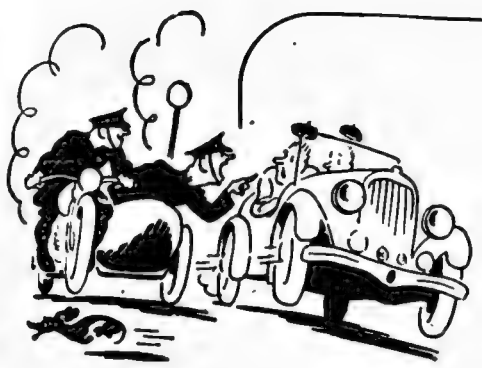

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at 15 years of age

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Taken at Random from Thousands

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C. Brown, Rotherham: I have gained 8 in. extra.
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F. A. James, Parkstone: Gained 7 lb. in weight, chest, neck and forearm and wrist increases 7 in.
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R. Blythe, Leeds: I have gained 6 lb. in weight and muscle.
D. V. Owens, Summerhill: 100 per cent. fit and increased 7 in.
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FREE TO EVERY READER.

I have published an instructional book entitled "The International Way." This book is remarkable because it covers so much ground. It shows how 20,000 pupils have been able to increase beyond their wildest dreams; how Norman Bourne defied the century-old bogey and lifted the famous Blue Stone for the first time in 100 years. It tells how over 700 doctors and 27 police forces have used physical culture to their own benefit; how physical culture has saved eight lives.

It gives for the first time the remarkable career of the author from obscurity to World Wide Fame, and as you go through the pages you will be thrilled with the results of physical culture in a modern sense.

What others have got does not benefit you, but you are clearly shown how you can get exactly the same results and the same benefits; nothing is hidden.

Also, the full 32 pages from cover to cover are packed with photographic studies such as the Physical Culture World has never before seen; new poses of novices turned into stars; new and unpublished photographs of myself, Eric Broom's wonderful physique, and so on, until you get to the last page you are full of new inspirations, new ambitions, and above all they are realizable.

The Book is free but cost me a lot of money, and when this first Edition is exhausted you may be disappointed.

THE BROOM INTERNATIONAL COURSE consists of six monthly lessons. New apparatus is sent, including a new type of Spring Grip Dumb-bells, a new Leg Exerciser, a new Neck Exerciser . . . All Steel Expander and a Roller Weight Outfit. . . .
The course really does give bulk in development. . . . BIG Bulging Muscles and ROBUST Health and Strength and Stamina to endure and overcome the most exacting ordeals . . . many pupils have added 6 inches to Chest, 3 inches to Biceps and, in numerous cases, shown an increase of 30 inches all round. Not Balloon or Forced Muscle, but development that will last and which can be applied to any test . . . it's the Greatest P.C. Course for Results ever known . . . All I want to do is to send you copies of the results so that you can check over with those you're getting . . . This course includes everything you require to build bulk in development under a Special Money Back Guarantee . . . The fee of 30s. for these lessons, fully illustrated with inspiring photos, can be paid for by such low payments as 1s. per week.
If you are interested and would like to investigate further, write for full details of this Course, and a copy of my Book, "The International Way," FREE.

SPECIAL OFFER, 30/- or 1/- WEEKLY

85% of all pupils have reported satisfied even after the first month's lesson only.

The World's Premier Physical Culture Expert by results

H. BROOM, BROOM HALL,
553, HOLDERNESS ROAD, HULL.
Write for "THE INTERNATIONAL WAY." It's the Turning Point in your Career.

To H. BROOM, 553, HOLDERNESS ROAD, HULL.
Please send me a copy of your book, "THE INTERNATIONAL WAY," and full particulars of your SPECIAL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE without obligation.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
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J.B. Please write in Block Letters.

Bradleys

SECCOTINE

THE DOUBLE STRENGTH ADHESIVE...STICKS EVERYTHING

When you compare genuine Seccotine with other adhesives, it's easy to see why it has been so widely copied. It's the most popular adhesive because laboratory tests have proved it is twice as strong. In tubes everywhere, 4½d., 6d. and 9d. All British. Free Booklet describing some unusual uses from Dept. J. B., M'Caw Stevenson and Orr Ltd., Belfast.

FIGHT COLDS

WHERE COLDS FIGHT YOU..

With the direct double-action of this powerful ointment

Colds usually attack in the nose, throat, and chest. That is the place for you to fight colds. You can—by simply rubbing Vick brand Vapour-Rub on the throat and chest at bedtime.

Penetrates—*To Ease Congestion*
Instantly, there is a warm, comfortable tingle in your chest as the ointment begins to "draw out" the tightness and pain and break up the congestion.

Vaporizes—*To Clear Air-Passages*
At the same time, its healing vapours carry soothing medication direct to the inflamed air-passages. They clear the clogging mucus—let you breathe easily again.

ALL NIGHT LONG
while you sleep, this powerful two-way action continues. By morning, almost always, the worst of the cold is over.

VICK VAPOUR RUB

Now! PREVENT Many Colds!
Vick Chemists have just perfected a remarkable new formula—Vick-Vatronol brand Nasal Medicament—specially designed to aid Nature's defence against colds. At the first sign of "stuffiness" or irritation in the nose, *where most colds start*, quick!—a few drops up each nostril! Its stimulating medication helps to prevent many colds altogether or to throw them off in the early stages.

GOOD NEWS FOR STOMACH SUFFERERS

There is a letter-box in a model factory on the Great West Road that receives some of the most genuinely grateful letters that were ever penned. "Your powder saved me from an operation," says one. Another says, "I was really worried and anxious, but your powder has made me fit and well again." From another: "But for your marvellous remedy I should not be here to-day."

The letters are from men and women of all ages who used to endure dreadful stomach trouble—some even had gastric and duodenal ulcers. The powder they praise so unstintingly is Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, the greatest reliever of stomach pains that has ever been invented.

Do *you* suffer from stomach trouble? Get rid of it! Take a few doses of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, the one with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle, and soon you will feel you simply must tell your friends how good a standby Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has been to you. 1/3, 2/-, 5/- per bottle, powder or tablets.

CHANGEFUL WEATHER calls for NIPITS VOICE, THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES 1D PER PACKET

SPECIAL OFFER OF
Broom's International Physical Culture Course
—for only 1/- a week!
Get full particulars of this offer by filling in the coupon on p. 23 for free literature and proof of results.

ICE in the AIR!

The Belgian air liner which crashed recently in Surrey. Ice on the wings is believed to have been the cause

HIGH above land and sea a pilot is seated in the cockpit of his aeroplane. His eyes idly watch the instruments on the panel, his hands cuddle the control stick between his knees, the engine-roar drones soothingly and confidently on. "Easy going," he thinks, settling himself more comfortably back in his seat.

Suddenly he notices he is losing height. He corrects at once, but the controls seem all to have become "wooden." He tries them again, but now they seem to act erratically. The "ship" seems to waver. A wing dips slowly down for no apparent reason.

Anxiously he looks around, over the rim of the cockpit. Something queer about the outlines of struts and wires! Lumpy, glistening in lumps. . . . And the front edge, the "leading edge" of the wings. Also lumpy—strange ridges grown along their smooth surface. . . .

And so, with a catching at his heart and breath, he knows the reason for his "ship's" sudden strange behaviour.

Ice! Act quickly, get down while he can still handle the ship. Find a warm air lift from land or water to thaw off that swiftly growing, murderous weight. He'll be lucky if he manages it.

Many have not been lucky.

Was the pilot of the Belgian air-liner which crashed in Surrey a few days ago and killed eleven people, "unlucky"? Did he see that glistening shroud forming along his wings and wires and then fight his ship downward to fail at the last moment?

It was a grand ship and a grand pilot. Some of the experts consider that ice was the sole cause of the disaster.

That day, over many aerodromes in France and England, some machines began to collect an ice mantle within a few minutes of taking to the air, and, wisely, they all came down again.

Did Leslie Hamilton, one night in 1928, when over the dark Atlantic, feel that same catch of breath as he saw the ice "blink" glimmer along his wings in the dim light of the wing-tip lamps? Or Hinchcliffe? Or many another pilot lost not only in the sea, but wrecked on mountain sides and plain, or even in the jungle.

YES, even the jungle! For that's the queer thing about ice. It is an ever-present hazard for airmen and not confined solely to winter time and northern climes, although there, of course, the risk increases. Aeroplanes have been forced down by ice in Africa, in California, in Turkestan, in semi-tropical South America.

Ice—perhaps even more than fog—is the airman's deadliest peril, because it renders him more helpless than any other danger from the elements with which he can be confronted.

In the worst fog a pilot still has a chance. "Blind landings" on fog-bound aerodromes have been common in the past, and now that the radio beam compass has been perfected, such landings can be effected with safety.

Direct radio from ground stations can also tell him of fog-belts and warn him to keep clear.

But radio cannot warn him about ice nor can compasses help him.

The formation of ice on an aeroplane is not governed by any fixed set of conditions. For instance, although the upper flying heights are cold, a pilot will not necessarily avoid ice by flying low. Sometimes there are belts of temperature, often beneath clouds, which are below freezing point; while higher up and nearer the ground the temperature is above zero.

Suppose an aeroplane hits large patches of moisture, common enough in hilly and wooded country, while travelling through this belt. That moisture freezes immediately on the leading edges of his wings, on propeller, struts and tail surfaces.

The same thing happens if the aeroplane runs into falling rain, except, then, the "icing" effect is more serious because it builds up with deadly speed. It can put a machine out of control in a few minutes or even seconds, according to the aeroplane's inherent stability.

It is not the mere weight of the ice which sends the machine down. Given a good engine, a pilot can usually cope with that. But it is a destruction by the ice of all the flying qualities of the machine. It ceases to be an aeroplane at all as the ice builds up.

LAYERS of ice along the leading edges alter the profile of the wings, which are all precisely calculated for that particular 'plane. As the wings and tail-plane thicken, often irregularly under the swiftly growing coat of ice, the machine changes its behaviour just as quickly.

It loses "lift," drag increases, air eddies are created. And then, unless the pilot can get it into a thawing belt of air, it will cease to answer to the controls. After that, the inevitable "stall" and crash.

The best minds in aviation in all countries have been working on the ice menace for years, trying to find some sure—and general—cure. But only during the past few months has there come any hope.

The obvious method of heating the wing by means of enclosed radiator pipes has been tried in Germany and America, but cannot be used generally. To use exhaust gases in the pipes can be dangerous. Again, some aeroplanes have air-cooled engines, so a water system is not always possible. Finally, the apparatus can only be "designed" into a new 'plane. It could scarcely be fitted to machines already in use.

There remain two recent devices, much simpler. The first is American and consists of a rubber sleeve fitted and shaped along the leading edge of the wing and connected to an air pump in the pilot's cabin.

As ice forms along the edge, this tube is inflated. The ice then breaks off and is blown away in the wind. This apparatus is easily fitted to any machine and is light and simple. It is now being tried out with some success on air mail routes in America.

The other device is British. It is called the "anticer," and has been developed by two scientists of the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough. Its operation is partly chemical.

BRIEFLY, a porous fabric of rubber and leather is fixed along the leading edge of the wings, and this fabric is fed with an anti-freezing mixture called ethylene glycol by means of rubber tubing, punctured at intervals, which runs beneath this porous sheath.

A film of this anti-freezing liquid can thus be deposited along the 'plane surfaces where ice collects. So ice cannot take hold and is blown away.

Tests of the installation on Hart military machines have been abundantly successful. A single gallon of the fluid is sufficient for four hours flying and with this quantity the whole equipment, including container and compressed air machine which forces the fluid along the tubes, weighs only 30 lb.

This simple safety device seems, ironically enough to have been created in the first place for the greater safety of night bombers and fighting craft which spend much time in clouds where ice forms easily.

But as the tests have been successful on these destructive craft, no time should be lost in making it available for civil aircraft of every description.

The FLYER'S NIGHTMARE

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"Another champion, ——, has been HOOKED for another appearance. . . ."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"Evidence went to show that —— children were kept in a dirty state. An R.S.P.C.A. visitor stated she had had the family under observation . . ."

SWINDON (WILTS) EVENING ADVERTISER:—"Two cars skidded into a WITCH at Studfold."

THE KENTISH MERCURY:—"Defendant became annoyed with the child for playing NOSILY in bed"

A GOOD CIRCULATION MEANS SOUND HEALTH

Twelve Thousand Miles of Blood Vessels!

YOUR body contains, according to latest scientific computation, twelve thousand miles of blood vessels. Think of that, 12,000 miles! *Sufficient to stretch half-way round the world.* This wonderful pipe-line of the blood consists of arteries, capillaries and veins communicating with that marvellous pumping station, the heart. By means of this vital pipe-line, the blood is carried to every one of the millions upon millions of the cells of the body, to nourish; to cleanse; and to renew. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault, and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is over-looked. Keep the blood free-running, like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building, and for the removal of toxic and acid waste materials, and health must result. This is precisely what Elasto, the Great Blood Revitaliser, is designed to do; it is actually what Elasto does, surely and effectively, by a method new to curative science. Elasto cures through the blood!

ELASTO THE COMMON-SENSE REMEDY

ELASTO, the wonderful blood substance, which positively must be present in the blood to ensure complete health, is now known to be the active principle which controls the healing properties of the blood.

Such troubles as varicose veins, varicose ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, phlebitis, thrombosis, heart troubles, poor blood, bad circulation, piles, prolapsus, varicocele, rheumatism, hardened arteries, and relaxed conditions in any part of the body are directly traceable to degeneration of tissue-cells resulting from a deficiency of this vitalising principle in the blood. These ailments will not respond to ordinary treatment: to effect a cure it is essential to remove the cause of the weakness, whether local or general, and this can only be done by making good the deficiency in the blood. Elasto does this surely and effectively, with results that often appear miraculous.

Not A Drug, But A Vital Cell-Food!

"The Story of Elasto" is the title of an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food; it restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore contractility to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; the real basis of sound health.

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming relaxed conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets; it dissolves instantly on the tongue, and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! *Elasto does not enter the stomach; it cures through the blood.* That explains why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to no purpose.

What Users of Elasto Say:—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Lumbago cured after three 3 years of suffering. Aged 66."
"Elasto has saved me pounds."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago: still quite fit."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years." Etc.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds!

Beware of Imitations!

For all "John Bull" Readers

FREE

A generous sample of this Great Biological Remedy.

Simply fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the Great Blood Revitaliser. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it Or send 5s. for a full month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for your self what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.
(Dept. 15.B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Trial Sample of Elasto ★
The Great Blood Revitaliser.

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co. Ltd.
(Dept. 15B), Cecil House,
Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto cures through the blood.

(Please Print in Capital Letters)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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John Bull 28 12/35

TESTED JB

Don't long for relief – get Elasto and be sure of it!

REAL RELIEF

for dry, husky, tickling throats — VICK LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

A Pretty, Well-Cut PATTERN FREE

Accept this generous offer by the manufacturers of Robin Starch. A pattern of a delightful dainty overall, designed by a famous fashion house, is offered free to every reader of this paper in exchange for only one lid bearing the price from one 10d. packet of Robin Starch, or its equivalent from 5d., 2½d., 1½d. or 1d. packets. The pattern is simple to use, and with it are full instructions for cutting out, amount of material, etc. Sizes are 32, 34 36, 38 and 40 (bust). Be sure to mention the offer appears in "John Bull," and post your Robin Starch lids in sealed stamped envelope addressed to Pattern Dept., Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Hull

FOR MANY YEARS—MAN & BOY—

NUTTALL'S MINTOES 4d PER OZ. GAVE ME JOY

HEART TROUBLE

PRESCRIPTION THAT WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic No. 632 (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops that falling to pieces feeling.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription Tonic No. 632.

Prices: 1/9 (50), 3/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432).

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Quick Relief and Comfort.

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up at nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the Shadforth "Bladder Comforter," Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 293.

Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

Here are further well-known SHADFORTH Prescriptions largely prescribed and used at this season of the year:—

"WHITE LIONS" or Stomach Tablets (No. 1077) cure Acidity, Gastritis, Stomach Pains and Digestive Disorders. Prices: 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144).

"BRAIN SPARKLERS" or Neurasthenia Tablets (No. 470), the mighty modern tonic for brain and nerves. Prices: 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).

REDUCE YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE with the Shadforth complete three-fold Treatment (No. 1108). It gives prompt relief and reduces the risk of a "stroke." Prices: 2/6 and 5/6.

Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order, or you can obtain privately packed and post free at these prices from:—

SHADFORTH

PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.

Dispensing Chemists

(Dept. J.B.X), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

★ **Would You Like a FREE TRIAL BOTTLE of WINCARNIS?**

All you need do is to fill in the Coupon on the Front Cover, enclose 4½d. in stamps to cover postage, etc., and a free trial sample of Wincarnis will be sent to you by return. If you are run down or suffer from "Nerves" Wincarnis will put you right—Give it a trial NOW!

Fill in the Coupon on the Front Cover.

Why Lions Obey Me

Patricia Bourne—she attributes her success, she says, to the fact that she showed the lions, first, that she was not afraid of them!

Revealed by the Youngest Girl Trainer

THERE is only one way to train a lion for the circus, and that is by demonstrating to him that you are always master.

This is the opinion of Miss Patricia Bourne, the youngest woman lion trainer in the country. She and her two lions and three lionesses are to be a feature of the Olympia Circus this Christmas.

In the past one thought of a lion trainer as the typical French *dompteur*, the brawny, heavily moustached giant who came into the ring with a look as ferocious as the lions themselves.

The air of braggadocio was encouraged from the early days of Wombwell's menagerie and the lion trainer in the circus was regarded as a king among men just as the lions were rightly thought of as kings among beasts.

But Miss Bourne is a slight figure of a girl with no pretence to great physical strength. Rather she is a beautiful brunette with the svelte form of a woman who has nothing to do but look to her appearance and wear fine clothes.

★YET she has managed to tame and train lions with just as great a success as the legendary figures of the past. And she has done so because she realises that the human will is stronger than that of the fiercest lion of the jungle.

It is incredible that this young girl of twenty-two, born in Blackpool and trained in early life as a trick rider in the circus, can command the movement and obedience of two lions and three lionesses with the aid of nothing more than her personality, her voice and an empty paint-pot with a loose handle. But such is the case. At the same time she knows that savage animals can never be really domesticated. A false step on her part would be fatal.

When a JOHN BULL representative first saw her, Miss Bourne was rattling the paint-pot in the face of a shaggy beast she calls her "lovely Monty." It was in a training-ground in a Berkshire glade and she was preparing some new tricks for her forthcoming appearance in the circus.

The great lion, instead of growling in disgust at such treatment, put on a look, first of mystery and then of cowardice. In a moment he had leaped from his tabouret and slunk to the place where the girl trainer wished him to sit.

Yet Miss Bourne has no idea why lions should be so susceptible to a noise which is little more than that made by a baby's rattle. But let her speak for herself. She says:

It was two years ago at a place called Miremont, near Bordeaux, where I was working as a trick rider in a travelling circus that I first began to work with lions. The chief trainer wanted a girl to take part in his show and I volunteered. I did so because I love wild beasts.

The first thing the trainer did was to take me by the shoulders and push me literally into the mouth of a lion. The great thing roared at me and I felt my last hour had come.

The trainer said afterwards that I had either to show the lions I was not afraid from the outset or else they would never obey me.

I also early began to realise that to strike a lion was to ask for trouble. The lion has just as long a memory as an elephant. He will wait an opportunity to get you, even if it takes years, provided he thinks he has a sense of grievance.

★IN Spain a year or so ago a man was badly mauled in the ring. But it was found out that a matter of months before he had raised his whip to the animal. On the day of the attack he happened to slip up on the sawdust. The lion was at him at once and it was only a miracle he was not killed outright.

The lion is very swift off the mark. He is not always the slow, prowling beast one would suspect by watching the lions in the Zoo. When he is roused or impatient he can sprint with the fastest. And when he leaps in anger then he is quicker in his jump than a stag.

Thus you see it does not pay to ill-treat lions, for if you do they will wait until the moment you are off your guard and then all is over in a few minutes.

It is well known in the circus that if a trainer falls to the ground, then all the lions in the ring will pounce at once. You may have been very kind to them and treated them like pets, but they cannot forget their jungle instincts and the sight of a human being lying on the ground is too much of a temptation.

Yet if you have lions seated on their stools all round the ring you yourself can sit and read a newspaper and they will not budge. But the moment your feet are raised from the floor then they will make ready to jump.

I picked up my paint-pot by accident some time ago. I find it is the most useful "prop" I have. If I rattle it then my two lions and three lionesses immediately take notice.

In the same way they will respond to the rattle of an ordinary matchbox made near their ears. These sounds are strange to them. But raise a whip and you get a roar and lots of obstinacy and disobedience. Hurt them and you can look for trouble one day or another.

I love my animals, but I am never really certain of them. My favourite in my team is the famous Belmonte, called Monty for short. I can do almost anything with him. I have ridden on his back. He will beg like a dog if I ask him. I can pick up his paws. One might think that he is devoted to me.

★BUT it is not so. The instinct of the jungle remains, and if I did anything to displease him or show that I was not his master in the ring, he would just pounce.

There is another point which must be remembered. Clothes have a great influence on the imaginings of lions. If I went into the ring wearing a skirt, then they would snap at it. There is something about the swish and swing of a skirt which aggravates them.

Therefore I have to be most careful always to wear top boots and breeches. If I wore any other garb, when actually in contact with them in the ring, they would go for me.

Why they should react to the swing of a skirt any more than they respond to the rattle of an old empty paint-pot is more than I can say.

Of course, I have been scratched and bitten many times, but you may not believe it that in my two years in the ring I have always found the innocent-looking cubs far more treacherous and recalcitrant than their parents.

But they are so pretty that you cannot help loving them in spite of their playful habits of hacking at your skin and hands with those little claws that are ever so sharp and strong.

"John Bull's" Gift to You

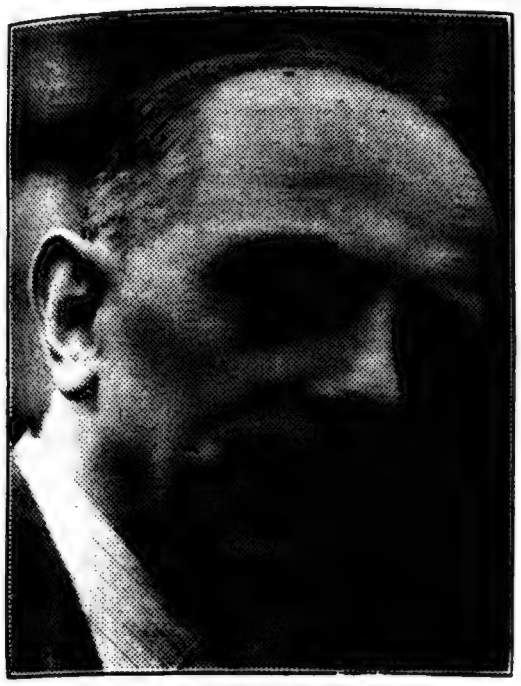
The response to JOHN BULL'S great Christmas gift offer has this year exceeded all other occasions, and we have been able to make arrangements which enables us to extend our gift offer for a further fifteen days.

Take immediate advantage of this wonderful concession by *cashing* the Gift Vouchers on page 34 at once. Each will be accepted in *part payment* for one of these superb writing sets.

Hurry! Post your application to-day.

AMAZING ASTHMA DISCOVERY

Banishes Bronchial-Asthma and Hay-Asthma for Ever



Mr. John Houben, who offers Free Instant Relief and Freedom from Asthma to all sufferers who post the form below, or call upon him at Ludgate House, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Recently an Australian Business man visited London and called on Mr. John Houben at Ludgate House, Fleet Street. In the course of conversation he said that he was struck with the prevalence of Asthma in this country, and made the positive statement that if English people knew how easily Asthma may be permanently banished, they would not be continually buying Medicine to ward off Asthmatic attacks, but would end their Asthma at once.

Inquiry elicited the startling fact that he had in his possession a formula which has not only completely banished his own Asthma, but also that of every former asthma sufferer to whom he had given it.

Well-known Manufacturing Chemists Entrusted with Formula

Because this gentleman has extensive interests in Australia and was anxious to return, at the same time being desirous of helping English Asthma Sufferers to shake off the shackles of this distressing complaint, he entrusted to Mr. Houben, of Messrs. Hamlyn and Houben, the well-known Manufacturing Chemists, the formula of his amazing discovery, so that he might have a number of treatments sent to those of Mr. Houben's Catarrh patients who suffered also from Asthma and the results were so astonishing that Mr. Houben decided to lose no time in making this remarkable treatment available to *every* sufferer.

Permanent Freedom From Asthma

Unlike the various preparations which are designed to afford relief but which cannot permanently banish Asthma, this NEW Three-Fold discovery not only gives instant relief, but builds up the resisting powers of the body, thus making permanent freedom from asthma a certainty.

Asthma, according to modern research Authorities, is not a disease in itself, but is simply a symptom of vasomotor instability. Actually, Asthma is a vasomotor neurosis, and to completely banish the complaint it is necessary to restore vasomotor balance.

Bronchial Tubes Relieved—Vasomotor System Nourished—Blood Purified

Under the influence of this remarkable New Three-Fold discovery, the small bronchial tubes are relieved of their congestion . . . the sympathetic fibres constituting the vasomotor system readily respond to the absorption of Nerve Nutrients . . . the poisonous waste matter is expelled from the blood . . . the bodily resistance is increased . . . the natural functioning of every organ is restored, and the high-sensitive and extremely complicated vasomotor system is properly balanced.

Mr. Houben knows how sceptical the average Asthma sufferer must be. He has, therefore, decided on a means of convincing every interested person that the New Three-Fold discovery is entirely new, different, and lastingly effective.

Genuine Free Trial

He will send to every reader of this announcement who applies on the form at the foot hereof:—

1. A **free trial** of the New Three-Fold discovery which will give **instant relief** even in the worst cases of Asthma. He will also send:
2. Full details of his undertaking to permanently banish the trouble without asking the sufferer to incur the slightest financial risk.

In making these offers, Mr. Houben is quite confident that you will be not only satisfied but highly delighted with the substantial and lasting health benefits you will receive.

No More Asthma

The peace of mind brought about by freedom from the dread of Asthmatic attacks . . . the enjoyment of tranquil, untroubled sleep, will mean new life and happiness for you. No matter where you live or what your age or occupation may be, if you have suffered a lifetime, tried everything you could hear of without getting permanent benefit, even have been utterly discouraged, do not give up hope, but accept Mr. Houben's offer at once. Immediately you are free of Asthma, you will gain in health and vitality. Your body will become strong—your eyes will brighten—your face will lose that haggard, worn look—your appetite will improve and you will feel better—brighter and more optimistic with an entirely new outlook on life.

If you earnestly desire to say goodbye for ever to distressing and heart-weakening night attacks, wheezing and gasping for breath, interrupted sleep and suffering, you are strongly advised to write your name and address in the form below and post it to Mr. Houben. Don't allow past disappointments, discouragement, prejudice or a lack of faith to prevent you from taking this first important step on the road to permanent freedom from Asthma. Send the form now.

FREE INSTANT RELIEF

and Guaranteed Freedom from CHOKING SPASMS—GASPING for BREATH—WHEEZINESS and all other ASTHMATIC SYMPTOMS

NOW AVAILABLE TO ALL READERS OF THIS PAPER BY POSTING FORM BELOW

FREE INSTANT RELIEF For Asthma Sufferers

Mr. JOHN HOUBEN, Hamlyn & Houben Ltd., Ludgate House, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send me trial supply of your New Three-Fold Asthma Discovery and offer to banish the trouble permanently.

NAME .....

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I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage and packing. John Bull 28/12/35

Fame By Accident

ROMANCE creeps into everything—yes, even into business. If Mr. Alfred Bird had not married an ailing wife, Birds Custard would not have been the household word it is to-day.

He lived nearly a hundred years ago. In 1837 he was a qualified chemist, with a small shop in Birmingham. His wife was delicate, and so Mr. Bird set to work to devise a food which would be extremely nourishing and, at the same time, very digestible and appetising for her to eat.

The result of his cleverness is well known to us now—it is Birds Custard.

Being a chemist, of course, Mr. Bird knew how to choose ingredients which would be as nourishing as eggs, without being so difficult to digest. They were not the ingredients that the commercial mind would have chosen. They were much more costly and a good deal purer.

His recipe has never been altered. For three generations now, Birds Custard has been made by the family of Birds on exactly the same formula as Mr. Bird made the first custard powder in his laboratory.

THE PUDDING KING GEORGE OF GREECE LIKED!

"King George of Greece came to lunch with me recently," said Lady Muriel, "so I thought I couldn't do better than give him my own favourite pudding. It's called Birds Rice Cream Custard. He was delighted with it. Let me give you the recipe—just as I got my cook to make it for him.

"Boil 2 ozs. of rice in salted water, drain and put on one side. Take half-a-pint of milk, mix a pint packet of Birds Custard according to the directions; then boil the remainder of your half pint of milk, adding a walnut of butter, and make your custard. Whip it thoroughly into the rice. Allow to get cold, and then pile it into glasses; serve with jam and whipped cream on top."

BLOOD TROUBLE
A Free Offer.

★A GENEROUS sample of an excellent remedy for all circulatory disorders, including leg troubles and kindred ailments, is offered on p. 25. This, together with a special free booklet and copies of recent testimonials, will be sent to all sufferers. This new biological remedy restores the natural power of healing through the blood. Turn to the 'ELASTO' announcement on p. 25 now, while you think of it, and fill in the Free Coupon for sample and full particulars.

An announcement of interest to sufferers of ASTHMA appears on page 27

★ Particulars of a new remedy can be obtained by filling in the Coupon.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER TO INDIGESTION SUFFERERS!

End your stomach troubles by testing 'Bisurated' Magnesia, FREE! Banish all digestive troubles, such as Acidity, Gastritis, Flatulence, Biliousness, etc., etc., at once by accepting this special free trial offer of a supply of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which will be sent to all sufferers who send their name and address on a postcard (1d. stamp) to Bismag Ltd. (Dept. 77/A), London, N.16. You will find positive relief right from the first dose—so don't delay, accept this offer now while you think of it. Further supplies can be obtained at any chemist!

H.B.T. CHLOROPHYLL & YEAST TABLETS
FOR REJUVENATION & VITAL ENERGY
50-1/3, 150-2/6, 350 5/- 1250 FAMILY SIZES OF ALL CHEMISTS
H.B.T. PRODUCTS, GLASGOW, S.E.
BCM/HBT LONDON W.C.1.

LOST *in* *Loneliest England*

by Tom STEPHENSON
(The Authority on Hiking)

England still has many lonely places, safe enough in mid-summer, that the hiker should be wary of when there is any possibility of bad weather

THAT three girls despite an exhaustive search for them could, as happened the other day, have been lost on a Yorkshire moor for four days and nights, was astonishing news to most people.

Most of us are inclined to regard England as a compact, densely populated country, a close conglomeration of towns with occasional expanses of pleasant smiling countryside.

The truth is that for all our teeming millions, there are yet extensive areas wild and desolate, and totally devoid of habitations.

In such places, if overtaken by bad weather, the luckless wanderer may well despair of finding his way back to civilisation or of being discovered by a rescue party before he succumbs to exposure or starvation.

Dartmoor at once occurs to the mind as such a place; and Exmoor also could provide a trying time for one caught on its uplands by obliterating fog. Likewise the lonely heights of the Black Mountains of Brecon and the Brecon Beacons.

But it is farther North that we find some of the most difficult and most inhospitable country in Britain.

From Derbyshire to the Scottish Border runs the long line of the Pennines, often rising to more than 2,000 feet above sea-level and with many expanses of bleak featureless moorland which in bad weather can be trying, if not dangerous, even for experienced mountaineers.

Not all suitable

The southern portion of the Pennines, bounded on the east and west by great industrial centres, is a popular playground for the open-air enthusiasts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and all the year round hardy trampers seek recreation on these lofty moorlands.

Not all of them are suitably equipped or sufficiently experienced to undertake the crossing of these barren heights on short winter days, when without warning the mist may roll across, obliterating all landmarks. Every year brings its crop of wanderers who have been caught in this fashion and who have to be sought by organised parties.

Kinder Scout, the southernmost height of the Pennines, consists of some fifteen square miles of wild moorland of rough hummocks of wiry grass and deep-cut channels in the soft peat, of moss hags, and deep gullies.

A few miles northwards is the even wilder mass of Bleaklow, thirty-seven square miles of uninhabited country devoid of paths or tracks and without shelter. This featureless wilderness has trapped many victims and not all of them have been fortunate enough to escape with their lives.

Round Black Hill, in the neighbourhood of which the three girls were lost the other day, there are another thirty square miles of desolation. True, only two miles from the point where the girls were found there was a main road. But this only illustrates how helpless one is in such circumstances, for if chance had directed their footsteps northwards or eastwards they would have reached safety without any harrowing experiences.

When a schoolboy, I learned something of that district. I had the misfortune to fall over some rocks, and unable to move, I lay on a narrow ledge. Down below, in this instance only half a mile away, I could see the same road, but for four hours I shouted for help before my cries were heard.

Only the day before these girls set out on their walk I was with a party on Snowdon. There were five of us, including an Alpine guide, all with considerable experience of mountaineering, and three of us well acquainted with the district.

Even so, we were baffled by mist and snow and unable to find a route we had intended to follow. By study of map and compass we discovered we were travelling in the wrong direction. Had we been less experienced or a little more reckless we might have persisted in the attempt, but, recognising the possibilities of being benighted, we played for safety and retreated to a route more easily followed.

Unless one has had the experience, it is impossible to conceive the difficulties of traversing open country in mist. Even an intimate knowledge of the district is of little avail when every landmark is obliterated.

I have heard a Cheviot shepherd, who boasted of his local knowledge and his bump of locality, tell of wandering the whole night long in a mist. At times he must have been within 200 yards of his cottage and blindly turned away from it.

Two friends of mine with many years' experience of the hills once shivered behind a wall through a wintry night. When daylight came they found themselves less than fifty yards from a cart road that would have led them into the valley.

Pitfalls

To attempt the crossing of many of our moorlands without a reliable compass and a map of not less scale than one inch to the mile is inviting trouble, if not disaster. Even thus equipped one must travel with a watchful eye, for map and compass are of little avail when the mist descends if one has not taken bearings beforehand. Once having located oneself, then all future advance must be guided by the compass.

Often one is advised to listen for running water and having located it, to follow it downhill, but that would be dangerous in some parts of Yorkshire. Round Ingleborough and Penygent the streams have a habit of plunging into pot-holes, some of which are over 300 feet deep.

Without these pitfalls the Yorkshire moors have sufficient dangers for fell-walkers who have lost their bearings in mist. In places there are great stretches of wild uplands without house or shelter of any kind, and illustrative of this there is a story told which does not exaggerate unduly.

A dalesman exasperated by a visitor from London who boasted over-much of the immensity of the Metropolis, remarked, "Tha sees that moor yon. Weel, we could put London in t'middle on't and forget it wor theer."

Baffling route

One such place is the great stretch of country round the head of Teesdale. At Birkdale, possibly the loneliest house in England, many wayfarers who have passed in the morning have returned in the evening to beg for shelter.

That crossing of the Pennines from Teesdale to the Eden Valley, one of the wildest and most desolate walks in England, is a baffling route, and in misty weather is apt to trick many who consider themselves expert in route finding. North and south there is mile after mile of seemingly endless moorland without hope for he who strays.

In the Lake District, too, there are many trials for the inexperienced. Not all are so fortunate as the individual who some years ago fell down the ravine of Piers Gyll. For eighteen days he lay helpless with a broken leg and was only kept alive by a trickle of water until the searchers found him.

Many have enjoyed the wild tramp from Wasdale over Black Sail Pass into Ennerdale—an easy route in ordinary weather, but not one to be undertaken lightly when conditions are bad.

In April, 1934, two sisters, both experienced walkers, left Wasdale on a stormy evening. At the top of the pass they were caught in a blizzard and the track was obliterated. Unable to continue, they endeavoured to retreat. One sister collapsed and died, and the other was compelled to lie beside her until daylight.

Undoubtedly England has still many wild and lonely places that the hiker should not lightly traverse when there is any possibility of bad weather.

A Message from Mr. PHILIP INMAN

Managing Governor, Charing Cross Hospital.

AT this season of the year when our hearts and thoughts turn towards the Founder of the greatest Festival of all, I am proud and happy to commend this beautiful edition of the Holy Bible. All the more so because every copy sold will achieve the double purpose, not only of enriching the home it enters, but of helping to carry on the merciful work of Charing Cross Hospital, which for over 100 years has kept its doors open to the sick and the broken.

The unprecedented price at which this edition of the Holy Bible is offered is made possible only by privileged publishing arrangements to assist a great Hospital, which, being in the heart of London, is one to which all humanity owes a debt. I can think of no Christmas or New Year present that would be more sincerely and earnestly appreciated.

Philip Inman.

A Wonderful CHRISTMASTIDE OFFER *to every Reader of "John Bull"—the* Holy Bible

AT A REMARKABLE PRIVILEGE PRICE

IN AID OF CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL

Now ready for immediate dispatch to your Home!

Here is an illustration of the De Luxe Edition of this Superb Bible.

Actual size: 9 ins. by 6 ins.

49 (plus 1 - for packing, carriage, insurance, etc.)

NOTE: *This offer applies only to residents in Great Britain N. Ireland or the Irish Free State. Residents in the Irish Free State will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.*

THE BISHOP OF LONDON writes:

"I most heartily approve of the sale of this beautiful edition of the Bible."

AS a result of special publishing arrangements to help Charing Cross Hospital in its great work of healing, readers of "John Bull" are, this week, given an opportunity to secure, as a lovely Gift for themselves or for a friend, a magnificently bound, beautifully printed edition of the HOLY BIBLE at an amazing privilege price.

Many readers will undoubtedly wish to order 2, 4, 6, and even more copies of this magnificent edition of the Bible, and as a special privilege more than one copy may be ordered on the Forms below.

Owing to the tremendous demand, applicants are advised to send in their Order Forms at once, in any case by not later than the date given on the Order Form below. Supplies are strictly limited.

No greater Present could be given to a friend or a child. The Bible is the highest achievement in the written word, its unfathomable wells of wisdom, its perfect and incomparable prose, have made it the marvel of all ages. It brings joy and inspiration for a life-time.

Every Bible sold as a result of this announcement benefits Charing Cross Hospital.

THE ORDINARY EDITION

has covers of limp Black Art. Leather of rich morocco grain with overlapping edges and rounded corners. It is embossed in **22-carat gold** on the spine. **It contains over 1,100 pages clearly printed in large type.** This Edition contains the complete Authorised Version, an invaluable 128-page section which includes a Concordance and Biblical Gazetteer, a Biblical Atlas Supplement, with **sixteen whole page maps in full colour, sixteen full-page illustrations in photogravure** depicting famous scenes in Biblical history, and **sixteen beautiful whole-page plates in full colours.** The page edges are in full gold, and a ribbon marker is provided.

For the Ordinary Edition you send only 4 9, plus 1/- to cover packing, carriage, insurance, etc., to your home (making 5/9 in all).

WOULD YOU LIKE A DE LUXE EDITION?

There are also available a limited number of copies of a superb colour-illustrated and enlarged **DE LUXE EDITION – one of the most magnificent Bibles ever published.** It has over 1,200 pages, and includes, besides the full Authorised Version of the Bible, a 256-page section, which contains a Concordance, a Biblical Atlas and Gazetteer, a copious index of persons and places mentioned in the Bible, and a comprehensive Bible Chronology and history. In addition to **thirty-two photogravure plates,** this edition has **thirty-two whole-page plates in full colour.**

This De Luxe Edition, worth every penny of 27/6, is luxuriously bound in limp Black morocco grained Art. Leather with overlapping edges, and rounded corners. It is embossed in **22-carat gold** on the spine and front. It has edges coloured red under **22-carat gold,** headbands, and a ribbon marker. **For this superb De Luxe Edition you send 6 9, plus 1/- for packing, carriage, insurance, etc., to your home (making 7/9 in all).**

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

All you have to do to take advantage of this wonderful offer is to fill in the special Privilege Order Form and label below and send in at once, accompanied by the necessary remittance. **Be sure to indicate which Edition you prefer – Ordinary or De Luxe – and (if you desire more than one copy) how many copies are required.** Orders will be dealt with in strict rotation, and must, in any case, be received by not later than Thursday, January 2, 1936.

Apply at once!

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Charing Cross Hospital Christmastide Appeal

Holy Bible

PRIVILEGE ORDER FORM

IMPORTANT

★ If you desire more than one copy of the Holy Bible, write in the space below the number of copies you require.

.....

You must fill in your name and full Postal Address in Block Letters on the Label on right and send it together with this Form and your remittance in a sealed envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp.

To Book Department J.B., Charing Cross Hospital Appeal, 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

I am interested in your special offer made in aid of Charing Cross Hospital. Please send me at the Concession Prices shown, volume(s) of the Holy Bible in the Edition specified below:

ORDINARY EDITION - - 5/9
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YOU MUST CROSS OUT EDITION NOT REQUIRED

Important: Please fill in the details below as requested.

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Cross your Postal Order /& Co./ make payable to "Charing Cross Hospital." Do not send loose stamps.

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....

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This Order Form, Label and your Remittance must be received by not later than Thursday, Jan. 2, 1936.

– John Bull," 28.12.35.

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If undelivered please return to Depot I.B.C. 19, Shorts Gardens, London, W.C.2.

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BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bed-time and keep FIT.

Price 1'6

Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3. Sold everywhere.

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For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc.

Accept this FREE OFFER of a TRIAL BOTTLE of WINCARNIS!

All you have to do is to fill in the coupon on the Front Cover. Simple, isn't it?

If you are run down or suffer from nerves, if you lack appetite, pep and zest for life, accept this generous Sample Offer by filling in your name and address in the coupon on the Front Cover, and enclose 4½d. in stamps to cover postage, etc. Turn to the Front Cover and Act now!

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bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race in accordance with rules will be on at Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

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ODDS UP TO 10,000 to 1

'CHALLENGER' FIXED-PRICE LISTS

include ALL the matches in

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ABSOLUTELY NOTHING BARRED

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Our Letter Parliament

WE polished the worn table-tops of the orphanage dining-room until they shone like marble. By Christmas Eve the last sprig of holly and the final trimming were in place and we, the inmates, were eager for the great day.

Before nightfall, however, I was taken by the Mother-Superior into the visitors' room and introduced to a kindly-looking couple who I was told would from now on be my "Mummy and Daddy."

My most cherished memory, though dim, is still that childhood recollection of the first loving embrace I received from my foster-parents, to whose devotion and sacrifice I owe everything.—*N. W., Wilts.*

An Illusion, But . . .

We bubbled over with joy that Christmas. Was not the war over? Were not those of our dear ones who had survived that slaughter safe?

Was not this country of ours going to be a wonderful place to live in? True, Christmas fare was very dear and some things were unprocurable—but that would pass and there would soon be a lasting peace and plenty for all.

It was an illusion; but the memory of Christmas, 1918, is the one I treasure most.—*W. S., Hackney.*

Act of Kindness

Battling her way homewards one Christmas Eve the little tramp steamer, when only a few miles from port, was carried by heavy seas on to a sandbank and left stranded.

Realising that the accident would delay us until the vessel could be refloated on the morrow's tide, we despondently resigned ourselves to a miserable Yuletide.

Judge our surprise, however, when on Christmas morning the local lifeboat "hove to," bringing from villagers who had noticed our predicament a plentiful supply of seasonable cheer—an act of kindness I cherish to this day.—*"Skipper," Falmouth.*

Fear Dispelled

Just a modest little company, listening to the King's kindly words from the holly-bedecked loudspeaker.

Grandma beamed; grandpa cupped his hand behind his ear; hubby sat with sonny in his arms. But we didn't hear the end of the Royal talk, for as if by magic everyone crowded around baby.

For, nearly two years of age, he had spoken his first word, "Mama," and a great fear which had been heavy upon us was at once lifted. That will always be one mother's treasured memory.—*Mrs. M., Roker.*

Old, Old Story

It's forty years since I, the only white man present, sat in the church in Minnesota. The dusky preacher, with one hand on the Book, told the old, old Story, amplifying it with many quaint illustrations—one of which was that "Even the wild beasts bend the knee on this glad Morn to Him Who was born in a Manger."

I've spent Christmas in many strange places, but no memory is clearer than that of those dark worshippers, many of whose grandparents had been slaves, singing praises to One Who came to make all men free.—*C. F., Warwick.*

No More

A snow-covered lane which leads to my tiny cottage on the top of the hill. Crackling logs which send forth a cheery, warm blaze as I enter.

Kiddies who rise from the hearth and rush gleefully to show me their gifts from Santa Claus, and a wife who smiles as she looks up from her glorious task of cooking a turkey.

Alas, that cottage is no more; my wife has departed this life; and those kiddies now have grown-up children of their own . . . and I have joined the ranks of those "old 'uns" who say: "Christmas isn't what it was."—*"Grandpa," Reading.*

Never-to-be-Forgotten

For many years I had been abroad. Last year I spent my first Christmas in England.

The traditional turkey, pudding and mince-pies, a mug of English beer, carols in the English tongue, and the company of old friends—all these had a savour that I had looked forward to for years.

No, I shall never forget my first Christmas at home after my long absence.—*O. S., Acton.*

First—and Last

Against all advice I persisted in going to sea, and sailed away at the age of sixteen on my first adventure. My none too robust constitution, however, failed to stand up to the strain, and sea-sickness reduced me to a pitiful condition.

The sarcastic remarks of the older hands, who despised me as a weakling, and cursed me for a useless passenger, made life aboard unbearably miserable.

My most cherished memory is that of seeing on Christmas Eve the twinkling lights of my home town as the vessel neared the end of my first and only voyage.—*"E. B.," Glos.*

YULE Memory I Cherish MOST

One Bright Moment

It was Christmas Day somewhere in France in the fateful year 1914. The trenches were lit up with coloured decorations, and Tommy vied with the Boche in the lusty singing of carols.

The young men in field-grey and khaki fraternised with one another, and exchanged gifts. Football was played with an enthusiasm rarely seen, and the enemies of yesterday squatted on the ground together, smoking one another's cigarettes, laughing, and playing musical instruments. . . .

That is my happiest Christmas memory. It is the one bright moment that I experienced in four long years of death and destruction.—*"Ex-Corporal," Queen's Park.*

Crashed—to Happiness

While staying with a friend near Llandudno, he suggested a morning drive to a lighthouse situated on the summit of a lonely headland.

With sharp frost after heavy rain, my conscience urged upon me the foolhardiness of attempting such a dangerous climb, but in a moment of rashness I decided to risk it.

Half-way up we encountered an ice-bound patch of road, skidded and crashed, with the result that I spent the festive season in hospital.

The memory of that Christmas I shall always cherish, for while in the institution I first met the winsome nurse who is now my wife.—*D. P., London.*

Discharged

Some years ago, after a prolonged spell of unemployment, I decided in desperation to indulge in a little poaching in order to provide Christmas fare for my family.

Inexperience at the game, however, soon led to my falling into the hands of an alert keeper and duly appearing before the Court on the 24th.

My most cherished Christmas memory is one of the kindly, benevolent old magistrate who, upon hearing my story, not only influenced his colleagues to exercise the "Yule-tide" spirit of goodwill and discharge me, but also made it his concern to find me employment.—*N. D., Staffs.*

* * *

As a member of a Salvation Army band, taking the message of Christmas to the men in one of H.M. prisons is my most cherished memory.—*"A . . ." Peterhead.*

A comfortable dug-out, a nice coke brazier, a parcel from home, good old pals, since gone, to share a small bottle of port, the cake mother made, all the delicacies of Christmas.

Appreciated more, since in the front line, as a rule, did not afford such fare.—*"Bert," Liverpool.*

My most cherished Christmas memory is a little brass box which contained cigarettes and a Christmas card from Princess Mary. It reached me at the front on Christmas Eve, 1914.—*C. L. W., Shrewsbury.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter" "Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, December 31.

My Strongest Superstition

(See page 22)

Race with "Silver Ring"

Victory Races

I TAKE this opportunity of wishing all followers of the Code a Prosperous New Year.

January 1 and 2 are the dates of the Victory 'Chase and Victory Hurdle respectively. The former is worth £500 and is one of the "plums" of the National Hunt season. Cranford St. Andrew has been given the handy weight of 10 st. 11 lb. and looks to have an excellent chance; and I know that Dale has a high opinion of the ten-year-old Jackal, who beat Kellsboro' Jack cleverly at Birmingham.

The race over timber looks much more difficult, but I shall stand Latoi, if absent, Hill Song.

Kempton Park's executive will present a good programme on Boxing Day. La Petit Pierrot, disqualified at Hurst Park, looks "good" for the Lonsdale Hurdle. Lindbergh gets the vote for the Christmas 'Chase, and Ma-Chin-On may come up in the Twickenham Hurdle.

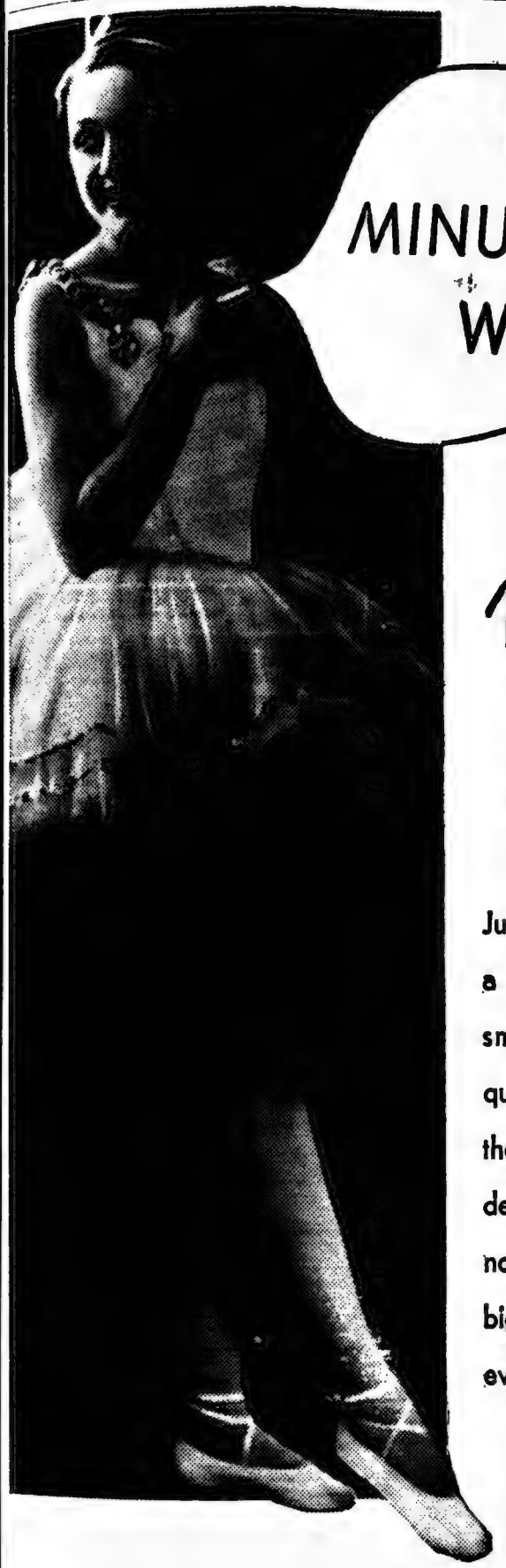
"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, December 26 to Wednesday, January 1.

R B T F 94 M P Q C 93 98 A K X U Z

H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W N 96 G E V D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: RMYCTIX would read HOPLITE. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. IMO296MG would read TOMMAOK.



10 MINUTES TO WAIT —so

Mine's a Minor!

Just the cigarette for a blissful brief-time smoke. In taste, quality and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large—big enough, however, to last a full 10 minutes.

De Reszke MINORS

In Tins 30 FOR 1/- • 60 FOR 2/-

Plain, Cork or 'Ivory' tipped

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

5 FOR 2D 10 FOR 4D 20 FOR 8D

Honey & Pine Stop Children's COUGHS

Mother! Would you take a risk where your child's health is at stake?

COUGHS, chest colds and bronchial troubles can be as deadly as any disease, but they have no chance with 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup, the children's cough remedy. A half-teaspoonful of this unfailing, pleasant-tasting syrup stops the cough at once, clears away phlegm and congestion, and soothes and heals the delicate lining of the little one's throat and chest. And it's not a nasty "medicine"—children love it. Safe, too: it contains no harmful drugs, and can be given to even the youngest child. Half a teaspoonful is a full dose, and a bottle costs only 1/6.

All chemists sell it, and all wise mothers keep it handy. No house is a safe house for children during the winter months unless there is a bottle of 'Pineate' Honey Syrup in the cupboard. If you value your children's health, get a bottle without delay—*now!*

'Pineate' BRAND HONEY SYRUP

The Cough Remedy for Children

There is no food as cheap, or that creates energy as certainly, as BREAD and there is no substitute for it.

Eat plenty of Bread at every meal

C.F.J.1.132

INCREASE IN JOHN BULL'S PRIZES FOR "APT-WORDS"

HURRY WITH YOUR £500 "APT-WORD"

WITH the holidays ending, so is your opportunity to benefit by JOHN BULL'S splendid Holiday Offer of *Apt-words* prizes to the increased value of £1,000. You have time to win—but certainly none to lose.

A fortune of £500 with all its thrilling possibilities for the New Year awaits the competitor who submits the *Apt-word* found most prize-worthy. And there is no reason why, in return for simply building one word and adding two others, JOHN BULL'S golden Joy Wire should not soon be delivered at your door. But to win that fine First or any other prize, your entry must reach Long Acre by Saturday, January 4, so turn to those interesting *Example* squares and start on your *Apt-words* at once.

Make a point, also, of entering some *Bullets* in the Contest closing on the same day, for you will see from the announcement above that a share in a £100 Bonus will be yours if you secure a cash prize in both Competitions.

With this fine array of 3,623 prizes as encouragement, shoot now for the *Apt-words* goal which can make 1936 a Golden Year for you.

BUILD AN "EXAMPLE"—ADD TWO WORDS

BEGIN with the fascinating work of building, from the *Example* squares provided, the words you consider most likely to lend themselves to apt and original comments. Go through the squares carefully and write down each completed *Example* that strikes you as promising.

Next, against each chosen *Example* write down all the ideas it suggests and then condense each of these comments into the TWO words required to form an *Apt-word*. Each word, remember, must commence with a letter found in the *Example* word you have constructed. Where and in which order, is immaterial—but remember that your two words must not begin with the same letter unless it figures twice in your *Example* word. Hyphened words in common usage permitted. Coined words barred.

Here are three specimen efforts, based on the word FATHER as *Example*:

Father—Reinstated, Fridays!
Father—"Excuses" Ruin.
Father—"Return" Frightens.

Remember that it is by the use of simple and everyday words, in close and apt relation to the *Examples* chosen, that winning efforts are constructed. All the previous prize-winners have been such as you might have written yourself.

Realising that, get busy with your entries and win yourself a happy and prosperous New Year!

ENTRY FEE	1 COUPON	P.O.	6d.
	2 COUPONS	P.O.	1s. 0d.
	3 COUPONS	P.O.	1s. 6d.
	4 COUPONS	P.O.	2s. 0d.

Postal Order must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of Postal Order.

F	A	T		E	R		
B	O						
	A	T	E	S			
S	I	N		I	N	G	
S		O	U	T			
	A	M	P	E	R		
W	E			I	N	G	
	I	C	K				
	I	S	T	R	E	S	S
H	O		E	S			

FREE HELP WITH YOUR "APT-WORDS."

FREE AID in winning *Apt-words* prizes is to be found in the *Apt-words Gazette* which is posted each Wednesday to applicants who apply on Coupon which appears in the *Bullets* announcement on page 35.

ADDRESS ENTRY to
JOHN BULL "Apt-Words" No. 6,
57, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.
(Comp.)

Two Words Won Him a Merry Christmas!

"MY wife and daughter simply could not believe the news at first" declared the engineer First Prize-winner in *Apt-words* Competition No. 3. But with a Golden Joy Wire in his hands, quoting his successful effort, there were no doubts in the mind of this keen competitor, Mr. A. Keighley, 19, Glenhurst Road, Kingsway, Didsbury, Manchester.

"This is my first big success in any Competition," Mr. Keighley continued, "my previous best having been a single 5s. award. But I have kept plodding on and when *Apt-words* came along, calling for two words only, this gave me more confidence and I was determined to try my skill at winning a prize."

There was nothing complicated and difficult to follow, Mr. Keighley recalled, about the steps by which he made up his First Prize *Apt-word*, "WIFE—FRAGILE 'WEIGHT-LIFTER'".

"I imagined a frail little woman," he explained, "with a daily load of anxieties and a light purse, who had to shoulder all the burdens of the household—and there was my paradox."

Mr. A. Keighley

"This is the way I go to work on *Apt-words*," he went on. "I carefully look down the *Example* squares and build up a few of the simplest and shortest words first, say three or four. If I cannot connect these with what seems to me an effort of any strength, I simply carry on until I have constructed some that appear prize-worthy. I usually try to bring in a paradox, as I think this form of *Apt-word* most promising."

"Study human nature," is this First Prize-winner's advice to his fellow 'Apt-worders' "and don't forget that invaluable little guide, the *Apt-words Gazette*. Keep your eyes open and, above all, have faith in the judges."

The result of "Apt-words" Competition No. 4 will appear on this page next week.

YOUR CHOSEN WORD HERE	ADD TWO WORDS TO COMPLETE "APT-WORD"
EXAMPLE	APT-WORD
EXAMPLE	APT-WORD

APT-WORDS No. 6 CLOSING SAT., JANUARY 4.
I agree to all rules of this competition announced on "Bullets" page and enclose
P.O. No.
Signed
Address
J.B.

YOUR CHOSEN WORD HERE	ADD TWO WORDS TO COMPLETE "APT-WORD"
EXAMPLE	APT-WORD
EXAMPLE	APT-WORD

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Address
J.B.

YOUR CHOSEN WORD HERE	ADD TWO WORDS TO COMPLETE "APT-WORD"
EXAMPLE	APT-WORD
EXAMPLE	APT-WORD

APT-WORDS No. 6 CLOSING SAT., JANUARY 4.
I agree to all rules of this competition announced on "Bullets" page and enclose
P.O. No.
Signed
Address
J.B.

The Editor Laughs Last

SKINNY (Blyth).—"Which the best way to grow t?" Outwards.

S. M. D. (Wembley).—After a long flight alone, look forward to a keen me of cards." Solo.

F. L. (Hitchin).—"I take re to keep my garden dy, but my neighbour's oks like a rubbish-dump." e letter below.

D. A. (Hitchin).—"I have ven up trying to keep my rden tidy as my neighbour rows all his rubbish over e fence." See letter above.

PREP. SCHOOL PLAYER Torquay).—"I found the t no fewer than five mes in our last match." ou were the goalie?

A. T. (Sheffield).—"There is one game e would never expect a gas-fire manu- cturer to play." Poker?

GEORGE (Bristol).—"Would you say at a radio announcer has an unsteady b?" Well, it is always giving out.

G. D. (Exeter).—"Pickpockets cost this untry more than £60,000 a year." They rtainly do run away with the money.

JIM (Redhill).—"What is the best way dress on a cold winter morning." As uickly as possible in front of a radiator.

AMATEUR (Rhyl).—"I took the part of policeman." Surely he was able to look ter himself.

ARTHUR T. (Worcester).—"A conjuror pends upon disappearing tricks for his ccess." And upon an audience putting an appearance.

MOTORIST (Cardiff).—"While driving in recent fog I crashed into the open space onting a joiner's shop." You were nable to see a yard ahead, eh?

HOUSEHOLDER (Kidderminster). — "I ould like to know who it was who stole e lamp from over my front door." You e still in the dark?

SPOTLESS (Kilmarnock).—"What would u do if you found that a spider's web as stretched across your ceiling?" Take eps to remove it.

CONFECTIONER (Edinburgh). — "Not any people know how to fill up choco- te creams." Our nephew says it's best let chocolate creams fill up you.

FATHER (Bromley).—"My family's pro- rly up and doing on Christmas morn- g." Ours is up and undoing.

G. R. M. (Dorking).—"I pity the other whose small son comes home day ter day with his clothes torn." We pity e small son.

WALTER (Leeds).—"My sweetheart and met in the revolving doors of a staurant." Then you started going ound together.

B. T. A. (Folkestone).—"Fishermen ve had a lot of damage done to their ats by recent storms." A number of d smacks for them.

R. E. B. (Bradford).—"The workers in musical instrument factory must be pt bright and happy." For a lot depends on striking the right note.

PRO. (Essex).—"I wonder why dentists dom make good golfers?" Probably cause they are apt to pull their shots d expect the hole to "open just a little der, please?"

PLAYER (Edgware).—"After attending e accordion championship I rather ink I would like to play this instru- ent. Does it take long to learn?" ou will quickly master its ins and outs.

T. H. (Widnes).—"Because of the ad-wind I left home a quarter of an ur earlier to cycle to work, but the ss was quite nasty because I was five inutes' late." It was against you.

SANDY (Perth).—"She's cute, my girl, e always suggests for our next meeting e outside of a kinema, but I've found way of meeting her more to my liking." eeting her inside the kinema?

MAN ABOUT TOWN (Berkeley Square).—I wonder how many more of my friends e going to open shops and expect me buy from them." More than you can al with probably.

METEOROLOGIST (Penrith). — "Every ening I try to forecast the weather for e next twenty-four hours and generally am not very far out." But, of course, you go further from home than this u carry an umbrella to make sure!

C. R. (Wye).—"The mechanism of a motor-car is over the head of the average owner." We know!

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

HOUSEWIFE (Ruislip). — "I can't imagine where all these foreign eggs come from." Hens.

ORGAN GRINDER (London, E.).—"I saw a ghost the other week."—Did it give you a turn?

P. C. (Ormskirk).—"The burglars' hiding-place was betrayed by rats." Did they squeak?

T. N. I. (Gloucester).—"A photographer can't afford to let any chance slip." He must snap it.

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"On wet days I never feel like doing any etching." It's fine work, of course.

WELFARE (London, W.).—"Offices and workshops should have the best artificial illumination possible." Naturally.

J. L. B. (Oban).—"What is the best way to get out of having to carve the roast beef every Sunday?" Buy mutton.

THE KID

INSTRUCTOR (Leeds).—"I'd like to see books of twelve tickets for 3d. available for children who visit the swimming baths." Back to the farthing dip, eh?

B. E. (Reigate).—"I went to the music-hall to see a particular act and it came as a shock when the manager announced that owing to illness he had to engage a substitute." He gave you an awful turn.

JOCK (Aldershot).—"Six months ago I joined the battalion as a drummer, but have now become proficient with the bagpipes." So now you consider yourself a full-blown musician?

MRS. F. D. (Rainham).—"After knocking the man down, the driver of the steam-roller simply went on his way without lending a hand or anything." You mean he just left him flat?

REMOVAL CONTRACTOR (Staines).—"The policeman complained about the length of time the van was standing outside the house from which we were shifting furniture, and told us to hurry up." So you had to get a move on.

FED UP (Boston).—"Since my wife joined a golf club all we have had for dinners has been boiled cabbages and meat." She is spending a lot of time on the greens?

AUTHOR (Kensington).—"No matter what the subject of my story, I throw myself into it." Write a sea story.

F. H. (Bramley).—"As a tailor, I believe in telling my customers exactly what kind of cloth I'm making their suits of." Material facts, eh?

D. O. (Maidstone).—"My brother lost a week's work as a result of a football strain. He wouldn't use embrocation, although I kept on at him." You rubbed it in well.

C. S. (Colne).—"I was surprised when I woke up and saw the snow coming down outside." How and where did you expect it to come?

F. G. (Clacton).—"Take my advice and wrap all your pipes in flannel as soon as there is a sign of frost." And smoke cigarettes instead?

D. W. (Dorking).—"I read that gardening is the latest craze in Hollywood." Yes, even scenarists are said to be digging up new plots.

HENRY (Kidderminster).—"Can anything give a man a better feeling of security than a little money in the bank?" Lots.

MRS. T. (Accrington).—"My husband found his work—making doors—so monotonous that it affected his mind." Became unhinged?

N. O. (Lowestoft).—"To say I was astonished when the ceiling collapsed would be putting it mildly." You were stunned.

UNCLE (Cambridge).—"Would a jig-saw puzzle be a suitable present for my nephew aged six?" It would certainly be a fitting gift.

VICTORIAN (Bath). — "It used not to be considered good form to offer a young lady a drink." But now she swallows the insult.

M. P. H. (Oxford).—"What would you do if you were offered an art scholarship and couldn't decide whether to take it or not?" Draw for it.

B. V. (Penge).—"Two pictures in my house fell on the same day. What does that signify?" That they needed new cords.

N. R. (High Wycombe).—"Chair makers know what their rights are, and are determined to have them." In other words, they won't be sat on.

AMBITIOUS (Canterbury).—"No man got to the top of his profession by looking down on his fellow-men." Except the champion pugilist.

DOG DEALER (Manchester).—"A lady came into my shop recently and requested me to get for her the fiercest bulldog I could." She was asking for trouble.

GEORGE (Northampton).—"I had no sooner descended the steps after hanging some mistletoe on the chandelier than my fiancée kissed me." She evidently believes in starting at the bottom of the ladder.

AMATEUR GARDENER (Colchester). — "What is the best thing to plant now that the evenings are getting nippy?" Yourself in an armchair, we should say.

D. M. (Manchester).—"It is claimed of a new radio-gramophone that it will break all records." There should be more of this kind.

H. G. (Truro).—"I soon patched up our quarrel by presenting her with a diamond-studded nail-file." That was a brilliant idea for smoothing things over.

SHOPKEEPER (Sutton). — "A trouser-press is a gift appreciated by a man." It may encourage a bachelor to press his suit.

E. C. J. (Crewe).—"There will be great opportunities in flying in the New Year." Yes—and the first bit of flying will be done by our £600 *Bullets* opportunity on page 35.

RIDING INSTRUCTOR (Bromley). — "I always find that beginners at riding are very impatient and chafe at any delay." In our experience they also chafe at any activity!

MISS JANE (Chelsea).—"The ornamental bowl my brother sent me on my birthday was a revolting and eye-shocking hideosity." So he gave you a nasty jar, eh?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

A NEW League for CHILDREN

The League of Ovaltineys

MANY thousands of boys and girls in many parts of the country are now thoroughly enjoying themselves with a new kind of pastime. They may be seen exchanging the mysterious signs and signals of the League of Ovaltineys. This League is open only to children, and is sponsored by the proprietors of 'Ovaltine'— the well-known tonic food beverage.

On being admitted a member of the League, the child receives the official rule-book containing details of secret signs, high-signs, signals and code, as well as seven golden rules which every member undertakes to observe. The rules are mainly concerned in ensuring health and fitness, obedience to parents and standards of conduct for everyday life.

At the same time the child is told how to qualify for the handsome bronze badge of membership which identifies him, or her, as a fully fledged Ovaltiney.

The Silver Star

There is also a Silver Star badge which is awarded to members of the League who are able to qualify for it. Those who wear the Silver Star badge are recognised as senior members of the League. They are in a position of authority and are referred to by the younger members for guidance and instruction in the signs, signals and other activities of the League. They are also privileged to organize meetings and form their own particular sections of the League of Ovaltineys.

Parents Welcome the League

The League has been established by the proprietors of 'Ovaltine' with the idea of promoting the health and happiness of children everywhere. Not only are children eager to join the League, but parents welcome it because they appreciate its objects, and the great benefit which 'Ovaltine' confers upon the health and well-being of their children.

How Children can join the League

Any boy or girl, irrespective of age, is eligible to join the League of Ovaltineys, to share all its advantages and to take part in all its activities. There is no charge for membership. Children who wish to join need only fill in the form provided below. On receipt of this the Chief Ovaltiney will send the Official Rule-book and all necessary information.

BOYS AND GIRLS! Fill in the Form below

To the **CHIEF OVALTINEY,**
'Ovaltine' Factory (Dept. 62),
King's Langley, Herts.

I wish to become a member of the League of Ovaltineys. Please send me, free, the official Rule book of the League.

Name .....

Address.....*Age*.....

.....

.....

(Write CLEARLY in **BLOCK** letters)
Post in open envelope—½d. stamp.

"JOHN BULL'S"

Great Xmas Gift TO YOU

Important Concession!

The response to "John Bull's" great Christmas gift offer has, this year, exceeded all expectations. We have pleasure in announcing that we have been successful in making arrangements which enable us to extend our Gift Offer for a further 15 days.

Take advantage of this concession at once by cashing the Gift Vouchers below. Each will be accepted in part payment for one of these magnificent Writing Sets.

Post your application to-day!

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher — VALUE 2/9

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until *January* 15, 1936.

No. A/59134

ONE OR BOTH *Take your choice*

FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER.

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The handsome chasing of the black vulcanite Pen, latest lever self-filling device and 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, all indicate the outstanding quality of this set. The "Everpointed" Pencil fitted with propel, repel and expel movement, rubber, pocket clip, and extra leads, matches the pen to perfection. A handsome Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

WRITTEN 2-YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH PEN

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher — VALUE 7/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until *January* 15, 1936.

No. B/59134

FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER.

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. Handsomely finished in glossy black and beautifully streamlined, this Set is indeed a luxurious gift. Two inlaid 18-ct. rolled-gold bands encircle the pen, which is made of an entirely new material of remarkable durability—it is guaranteed unbreakable. The pen has a sunk lever self-filling device, and the pocket clip to match accentuates the lustrous finish. The extra heavy 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB has costly iridium tip of velvety smoothness. The handsome "Everpointed" Pencil to match has pocket clip, rubber and extra leads, and is fitted with propel, repel and expel movement. It also has an 18-ct. rolled gold band. A decorative Golden satin-lined Casket sets off this magnificent Gift.

WRITTEN 5-YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH SET

BRITISH MADE

"John Bull's" Xmas Gift Coupon.

To "John Bull," Pen Dept., 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 3/- in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/-, plus 3d. for postage & Insurance, making 5/3 in all.

(1) Fine. Medium Broad. — Cross out grades of nib NOT required. — (2) Fine. Medium. Broad.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull." J.B., 28-12-35.

JOY WIRE from "JOHN BULL" Transformed his HOME!

BIG winners who speak in these columns to their fellow competitors are usually "Bulleteers" who have barely had time to realise how sweet are the fruits of success.

This week, however, let us give you a message from a First Prize-winner who has had time to appreciate the many benefits a substantial cheque can bring—from the Liverpool Corporation employee whom you see on the left of this picture with two of his mates.

Let Mr. T. F. Garnett, 19, David Street, Liverpool, tell you in his own words of how that First Prize cheque for 500 Guineas won in our 921st Competition has meant for him as much as a millionaire's first million.

* * *

"Just imagine me," he said, "coming home one Friday night with a labourer's wage in my pocket—to find a telegram making me richer by £525! That was my splendid reward for topping *Bullets* 921st prize-list with my effort, THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM — MAY CONFETTI "HIT" HARDEST!

"My four years of plodding had been rewarded—I knew they would, as sure as night follows day.

"Some time before winning my *Bullets* fortune I had found it necessary to refurnish my home, which I did in the only way a labourer can—by instalments. With one stroke I cleared these off and received a substantial discount for cash.

"Then I bought my wife all the clothes her heart desired and a new modern wedding-ring to replace the well-worn one I gave her more than 23 years ago. Next came new suits and seagoing outfits for my two sailor sons.

"We had electric light installed, bought a fine all-mains Radiogram and had the house repainted and redecorated throughout.

"It gave me great pleasure to enable my wife's mother to fulfil a dream she has had for years—to visit the United States and see her two sons and a daughter whom she might otherwise have never seen again.

"I gave my immediate workmates a cash present and helped several friends who were in need. Finally, I and the family had three 'basinfuls of the briny' at Blackpool, Southport and North Wales.

"On my wages it would take me twenty years of diligent saving to accumulate even what is still left of my cheque in the bank!"

* *

Common-sense and determination carried Mr. Garnett to the top of the prize-list and enabled him to spread all this comfort and happiness around him.

Turn to the *Examples* opposite, enter the few well-chosen words which our judges are seeking as the last First Prize *Bullets* of 1935—and yours will be the pleasant prospect of seeing what a wonderful New Year you can make of 1936 with a £500 fortune to help you.

Greetings from the "Bullets" Staff

To all who enter for *Bullets* we send sincere good wishes for Christmas and 1936.

By your support of our efforts in 1935 you have made possible a record year of *Bullets* prizes. Now for the New Year and still greater triumphs for the Competition which provides our work and your hobby!

WINNERS TO FOLLOW

SINCE JOHN BULL is on sale two days earlier this week, it has not been possible to publish on this page the big winners in *Bullets* Competition No. 1,009. All prizes, however, are already in the post and the result will appear in next week's issue.

Meanwhile, since you will need some winners to study before making up your *Bullets* for the fine "Over Christmas" Offer on opposite page, we recall below for your assistance a varied selection of big prize efforts from the winning lists of 1935.

Study these carefully, for each can teach you something about how to win in *Bullets*.

MOTHER AND FATHER
"SWEETHEARTS" *Dreading* "BEING ALONE"

ACROSS THE STREET
I STROLLED, I'M TOLD!

MIRAGE IN THE DESERT
OF THEIR LONELINESS, FONT

STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE
AND ENJOY BOTH!

MILK
KEEP "RICH"—GIVE POOR!

WE LONG FOR THE DAY WHEN
WORLD "GENEROUS" AS EARTH

BECAUSE OF SONNY
HIDE MATCHES—LIGHT "TORCH"!

THE DEAD
"SLEEPING" SENTINELS "CHALLENGING" RE-ARMAMENT

GOOD BOOK
LIFE, DEDICATED TO *Friendless*

ANOTHER WAR
CIVILISING BLACKS? BLACKENING CIVILISATION!

WHAT HE'S WORTH
CUPID DOESN'T CARE TWOPENCE

HUMANITY'S LIGHTHOUSE
SHOWS *All* "THE WAY"

MARCH OF TIME
THAT'S FRIENDSHIP'S "TEST PIECE"

GOLDEN ADVICE

SEE the sparkle about that Second Prize *Bullet* in our 1,006th Competition. WHERE SONNY SHINES—IS *Dispelling* "HARD WORDS." Now learn how the skill that made it was acquired by Mr. W. Cushing, The Camp, Upper Heyford, Oxford.

"When blank moments come," he told JOHN BULL, "I re-read my *Bullets Bulletin* and its golden advice and cheery encouragement put me once again in the *Bullets* mood. Indeed, I look upon it as the 'Bulleteer's' blank cheque—you fill in the amount yourself!"

As soon as you see your first copy of *Bullets Bulletin*, you will realise why Mr. Cushing's tribute to its aid is only one of thousands on our files. Its bright and practical pages provide the double assistance of showing you how to win and warning you against methods which fail.

Would it not help you enormously to have lists of old ideas to avoid, a £30-a-week Judging Contest to enter and the advantage of reading a weekly article by "Open Sesame," one of the finest writers on Competitions of the day?

Accept this helping hand up the *Bullets* ladder at once, so that you may have the benefit of it in the great New Year Offers which are just ahead. Post off your Easy Reservation Coupon on opposite page, or enclose it with your *Bullets*; for hundreds of JOHN BULL readers that little step has proved a big stride towards success.

'JOHN BULL' RINGS IN THE NEW YEAR WITH A PEAL OF BIG 'BULLETS' ATTRACTIONS

FINE CASH PLUS GIFT
PERHAPS FIRST PRIZE FOR A FEW WORDS
£600
PLUS DAILY GIFT AS LONG AS YOU LIVE!
£50 PLUS BONUS
£40 PLUS BONUS
£30 PLUS BONUS
£20 PLUS BONUS
£15 PLUS BONUS
£10 PLUS BONUS
£9 PLUS BONUS
£8 PLUS BONUS
£7 PLUS BONUS
£6 PLUS BONUS
£5 PLUS BONUS
10 of £2.10s EACH PLUS BONUS
EACH ABOVE PRIZE ACCOMPANIED BY DAILY GIFT THROUGHOUT 1936
100 BIG 10-in-1 NEW YEAR HAMPERS
TO ARRIVE EARLY IN 1936
£100 BONUS AWARD
—Equally divided between competitors who secure two "Target" Prizes in this "Bullets" Competition No. 1,012.
500 Complete collections of "Bullets" Bulletin for 1935 in neat Binding Cover.
500 of 2/6 • 8,000 "TARGET" PRIZES
1012

BE QUICK FOR YOUR LAST HUGE OPPORTUNITY OF 1935!

THE Old Year is almost at an end and soon it will be too late for you to take advantage of the final big *Bullets* Offer of 1935, presenting a splendid and varied array of over 9,000 prizes to mark the end of a Record Year.

Early in 1936 some entrant in this Contest will receive a golden Joy Wire bringing JOHN BULL's congratulations on capturing that giant 2-in-1 First Prize. Yes, a fortune of £600 and a daily gift from JOHN BULL for the rest of your life can be yours—provided you enter some neat *Bullets* in the next few days.

Each of this Contest's next 21 chief cash prize-winners will receive a daily gift from JOHN BULL throughout 1936. Next in this memorable prize-list come 100 10-in-1 New Year Hampers, and these are followed by no fewer than 500 valuable collections of *Bullets Bulletin*. Finally, to make this indeed a "plodder's harvest," the sum of £100 has been specially set aside for division amongst winners of two or more "Target" awards in this Contest.

HOW YOU CAN WIN!

BEFORE starting on your own *Bullets*, let a study of the winning efforts on the previous page show you some of the many ways of making prize *Bullets*. See for yourself how everyday ideas have been neatly polished into prize-worthy efforts.

Then read through the *Examples* provided and write down after each chosen *Example* all the ideas it suggests to your mind.

Your next step is to condense and improve the phrasing of these first rough jottings, bearing in mind that each completed effort must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words neatly linked to the *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you had selected the *Example*, KILLING TRADE; against it you might scribble the idea, *Mussolini, By Going To War*. A few minutes' thought and from this rough idea you could readily produce the finished *Bullet*, KILLING TRADE—MUSSOLINI, BY "EXPORTING" SOLDIERS.

Now start making some *Bullets* of your own. You have no time to lose, for none of this Contest's 9,122 prizes can be yours unless your entry reaches the judges by Saturday, January 4.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

WISER WORLD
EMPTY WORDS
WHAT IT MEANS
STRENGTH
IN THE BOSS'S CHAIR
ONLY A BABY
DEVOTED TO HER
SONNY EXPECTS
FATE WAS AGAINST HIM AND
TERRIBLE MISTAKE
HARMONY
AT HIS JOB
WHATEVER THE WEATHER
BLACK RECORD
CUTTING DOWN EXPENSES
ROUND AT THE PUB
GALLANT LEADER
FIGHTING CRIMINALS
SHOWS HE'S RELIABLE
WRONG TREATMENT
ON, ON, ON
HOW HE STANDS
ILL WIND
KILLING TRADE
THE CLOCK
IN A DAZE
DAMPED HER ARDOUR
FRANKLY
MADE FATHER
PICKED OUT
SHIPS
EVER SINCE CHRISTMAS
TAXPAYERS GRUMBLE, BUT
TO END IT ALL
IN THE YEAR'S BATTLE
REFORMED MAN

READ THESE RULES COVERING "BULLETS" AND "APT-WORDS."

1. The £600 Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best effort received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every effort received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL (if for "Bullets") or Odhams Press Ltd. (if for "Apt-words") and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with these competitions must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,008 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. Robbins, William Street, Tullamore, Offaly, Ireland.

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with TWO BIG PRIZE COMPETITIONS! USE THIS COUPON

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" "APT-WORDS"

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Apt-words Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,012) Closing SAT., Jan. 4. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

"BULLETS" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,012) Closing SAT., Jan. 4. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,012) Closing SAT., Jan. 4. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,012) Closing SAT., Jan. 4. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,012) Closing SAT., Jan. 4. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively, will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,012 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,012, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp).

A Timely Reminder!

THE first hint of Cough or Cold is a signal to bring out the Galloway's Cough Syrup. A single spoonful of this famous National remedy stops the progress of any winter ailment—prevents it turning to some worse ill. And it takes amazingly few doses to effect a complete cure.

For generations, Galloway's Cough Syrup has been recognised as the safest, quickest and surest remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Flu, Whooping Cough and all Throat, Chest and Lung ailments.

That's why wise mothers keep a bottle always handy in the house. Children love it!

From all Chemists and Stores throughout the United Kingdom, and all branches of Boots Cash Chemists and Timothy Whites & Taylors Ltd.

1/3 and 2/6 Per Bottle.

WILL CURE IN HALF THE TIME

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

P. H. Galloway Ltd., Qualified Chemists, London, S.E.17.

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